

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1860.

THE AUBURN BRAID.

BY MRS. ALMENA C. S. ALLARD

'Twas a little braid of auburn hair
That he gently raised from its resting place—
Shining and silken as when it fell,
Shading a pleasant, girlish face :

A face whose eyes he had loved to read,
As the dawning love-light went and came,
Till its beauty glowed incessant there,
Soft and brilliant—a tempered flame ;

And fading not till the death-frost lay
On the blue-veined eyelids, heavy and cold ;
Now only this braid of auburn hair
Escapeth the grave cell's moth and mold.

White snows of winter lay on her grave,
And dews of the summer above her wept ;
Till years had passed, since the lovely face
In the silent land of the dead had slept.

The heart that aches with the chilly void
Her vanished image left dark and drear,
Grew warm again, and he learned to feel
The eye and voice of another were dear—

Who called him "husband," and gave a love
Which only a few can ever know ;
Nor worshiped less, that another's loss
Had surged his soul with a wave of woe.

She knew that his heart was anchored fast,
That she moved the depth of his inmost soul—
Knew that the crescent of second love
Had rounded into a golden whole.

And months had passed on the downy wing
Of happiness, since she stood by his side,
VOL. XVI.—7

Breathing responses, and sealing the words
Which made her a loved one's happy bride.

When looking a box of keepsakes o'er,
A case was opened, where softly was laid
On crimson velvet, with tender care—
That sacred relic, the auburn braid.

Lustrous and silken, as long ago,
From the marble forehead, in soft repose—
'Twas folded back, like a sun-tinged crown,
O'er an eye of love and cheek of rose.

Gently 'twas raised from its resting place,
Raised by the hand that had dallied oft
With its golden strands, as they shining fell
On the lily neck, with wreathings soft.

Silent she took it, his dark haired bride,
Arranged the soft tissues of 'scaping hair ;
Her fingers trembled, she knew to him
A thousand mem'ries were linking there.

Why would the bright tears dim her eyes,
Tears at the thoughts of the beautiful maid
That once was loved by him, who now
Held in his fingers the auburn braid ?

'Twas half in sorrow for her who died ;
And, durst she acknowledge it to her heart ?
A shadow of grief that other than she
Had e'er of his deep love claimed a part.

She crushed the thought, and with sadness mused
On the bright young head in the damp earth laid,
And breathed a blessing on her who wore,
Among her treasures, the auburn braid.
McConnelville, Ohio, April 3, 1860.

THE "SCISSOR-GRINDER."

BY PAUL LAURIE.

THERE he stood in the broiling July sun, tramping forward over his work, and tramping away at his treadle as if his very life were at stake.

A crowd of children were gathered around him, watching with gratified smiles the movement of the wheels, and listening to their monotonous hum, as awaiting with grave faces the grinder's decision, when he paused for a moment to examine the blade which he held in his hands. Whir-r-r! Tramp, tramp, tramp! I looked over at him carelessly, resting myself a few minutes, and thinking, "Well, of all the employments in the world, certainly the scissor-grinder's is the least to be envied!" I, being an expert joiner, with fourteen shillings a day, could afford to contrast my life with his. I had warm friends, a snug home, with the prettiest children, and the tidiest wife, and—

But I am forgetting myself. Folding my arms complacently, I observed the movement of the scissor-grinder's foot, as he continued to tramp his treadle, now fast and furious, now slower and slower, till his toes barely touched the iron, and all with a regularity almost painful to witness. He was doing a thriving business: the neighbors brought out, or sent by their children, scissors, pen-knives, old razors, and even carving-knives sufficient to employ him a day, I thought; while pennies, half dimes, and in one instance a dime fell into his large leather purse. But everything was done in silence; unless it was the prattle of the children, scarce a word was uttered. This struck me as singular; but, when I went over all the scissor-grinders I remembered having seen from my early childhood up to that moment, I could not find amongst them a single communicative person. Here a vague legend recurred to me, to the effect that this class of workers were generally formed from a Brotherhood of Involuntary Recluses—in plain English, the scum of State Prisons, who, having no other employment, and being universally shunned by the rest of the world, adopted this method of obtaining a livelihood.

Supposing this to be the truth, I said to myself, "The fact was apparent that laziness did not enter into their composition. What lazy man would tramp out there, with the sun at ninety in the shade? Besides, the fact of his engaging in such an employment amply demonstrated his honesty of purpose, and proved him the superior in many respects of those

who, while denying him honest employment, spurning him because of his crime, (already atoned for—how bitterly!) were at the same time engaged in far less honorable transactions than that which consigned the object of their scorn to the limits of a State Prison."

But tracing back one or two scissor-grinders to their origin, and finding nothing criminal nor even disgraceful in their lives, I kicked the fragments of the legend aside with a contempt truly democratic. Finally, I came to the conclusion that the difference between the scissor-grinder and myself was not so great as I had imagined, and that the difference between us and the proprietors of one or two princely houses I could have mentioned in the west end of the city, was certainly a matter of congratulation, rather than to be deprecated on our part.

Perhaps these thoughts did not occur to me exactly as I have written them down; but it is nevertheless true, that in one form or another these and many more of a similar nature *did* occur to me, as I listened to the hum of the wheels, and noted the unflagging tramp of the scissor-grinder. The perspiration stood out on his brow like beads, and trickled down his sunburnt cheeks as he continued his work, scarcely taking time to wipe it away. He was old, too, now that I observed him more closely; he could not be less than fifty. As I resumed my work, I blessed the good fortune which brought him to my neighborhood, since I flattered myself I had a long respite from certain "Thank-you" jobs which my fair neighbors imposed on me: and I wished the good grinder would make his appearance oftener than once a year. A chorus of screams at this juncture caused me to drop my plane and hasten to the door, from which I beheld the crowd of children staring down horror-stricken upon the form of the poor scissor-grinder, who lay in the gutter, with one arm over his breast, while the other lay beneath the apparatus which gained him his livelihood, and which, in his fall, had been dragged down with him. A single glance explained the true state of the case: he had at last succumbed to the oppressive, I had almost said, blistering July sun.

It was the work of a minute to carry him into the shop; but, alas! there was now no necessity for applying the usual restoratives: he was dead. In a very short time my shop was crowded with the curious neighbors and passers-by, who were attracted by the crowd; but no person could give any information concerning the poor grinder's home, and, indeed,

judging from the manner of many, it appeared to be a matter of doubt whether he had a home. One young man pressed through the crowd rudely, stared down upon the dead man's face unfeelingly a moment, and in answer to a question from some person on the edge of the crowd, replied,

"O! it is an old scissor-grinder—sun-struck," and walked away as carelessly as if he had looked upon a dead rat.

The coroner's inquest, however, brought out the fact that the scissor-grinder had a home and a family depending upon his exertions. Obeying a natural impulse, I was one of those who bore his remains to the wretched habitation which protected his family from the weather—it scarcely did more, and it certainly gave little evidence of the comforts we usually associate with the word "home."

A little boy of five or six years sobbed at the door-way, in one corner of the apartment, (there was only one,) a young girl of perhaps sixteen, lay upon a coarse straw bed, which was placed upon something resembling a form made out of rough pine boards. Her face was turned towards us, as we deposited the corpse upon the floor, and an expression of despair settled upon it, as, after one or two vain efforts to sit up, she clutched the bed-clothes convulsively, and gave an audible groan.

"I think," said the coroner, who was a humane man, "we had better remove him from here as soon as possible," adding, in an undertone, "the county will have to pay the burial expenses in this case." He paused a moment, and glanced around the wretched apartment.

"Gentlemen," he began, clearing his throat, and spitting energetically, "Gentlemen, what do you say to giving your fees to this poor family. I will vote mine cheerfully, and if—"

"So say I," interrupted a hearty voice. "And I." "And I."

"Thank you, gentlemen," replied the coroner, as he departed, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for the burial of the dead man.

I could not go away, until I had spoken to the poor girl who lay in the corner, and who I learned was a cripple, unable to raise herself upright in her bed. Her story was a sad one.

"Ah! we were not always so wretched, sir. I can remember a pleasant home, and days of plenty; but that was when I was a child, and when my mother was alive. My father was a well-to-do farmer in the State of New York; his people, as well as my mother's, were respectable; but my father had one fault—he

was fond of the glass. He did very well on his farm, though, until a friend induced him to go his security, and then our misfortunes commenced. My father had to pay his friend's debt—it took all he had in the world; so he moved away to C—y, and from that to Y—, and from that again to X—. Somehow, everything went against him, until at last he could not obtain work sufficient to keep his family from want; there was six of us then, but the rest have been taken away. Well, he forgot himself altogether, and took to drink, and that finished my mother. She could not endure that; and so her life just went out of her a year after we went to X—. And I think that cured my father. He gave up drink, moved to this place, and sought work once more. I need not tell you,—you see how wretched we had become. I was of no earthly use from my fifth year: as you see me now, I could only turn from one side to the other upon my bed; but my father never murmured against it; indeed, he was always very affectionate to me, as he was to all of us, even when in liquor, and that it is a rare thing, sir, as any one may know.

"In X, and here, too, some ladies were so kind as to visit me, making me presents of tracts and books,—I had learned to read at an early age: and the only pleasure I had in the world was derived from books and papers; but the greatest pleasure was from the 'book of books'—without it, I think I should have become insane, perhaps ended my wretched existence in a fit of madness. One day—we had been living upon the charity of some kind people for some months—I beheld my father entering the house with a small basket well filled with provisions. He set it down firmly, and, coming up to me, bent down and kissed me, saying,

"'No more starvation, Mary, nor begging.' When I inquired if he had found work, I received a reply in the affirmative; he had obtained regular laboring work, and we were in hopes that our life might change for the better, and for some weeks we had the pleasure of knowing we were living without the aid of charity; but a story which followed my father from Y—, deprived him of even this last resource. His employer discharged him, informing him that he would have no rascals about him. I thought my father would have killed himself then; but, after awhile, he went out again as usual, seeking work, and resolutely avoiding strong drink. After that, he appeared to have money, sometimes more,

sometimes less, but always sufficient to keep us from starving or begging. He would rise early, dress Henry and make our breakfast, and go out the moment we were done eating, unless it would be a rainy day, and then he would sit in the house beside me, reading or talking, and sometimes he was very grave. When I asked him what he was working at, he would smile, and say he was a very public character now; but the question was never answered satisfactorily until I learned the truth from Henry. The child could not ward my questions—I was determined to ascertain the truth, and at last it came out.

"My father grinds scissors," he replied one day to me, when he could no longer withstand my importunities. Then, seeing that I did not comprehend him, he came close to my side and half whispered,

"He keeps his mill in the coal-shed."

"His mill!" I repeated.

"Yes, the stone wheels and the wooden frame, with a thing at the bottom to turn them. He carries it away on his back."

"I lay and thought a long while: What could the machine be like that my father carried away on his back? was it heavy—and where did he carry it to? and whose scissors did he grind—or what did he grind them for? to sharpen them, doubtless; but who did he work for? And then I resolved to get a look at the little mill, for certainly it must be a small mill that a man could carry on his back."

"When my father came home in the evening I forced him to bring his mill into the house that I might look at it. But he would not tell me who he worked for, and to this day I am ignorant—I do not know who his employers are, or where they live. I have often had suspicions, and then, again, I knew he would not do a dishonest thing, or deceive me—he who was so anxious to relieve my wants, and who took the place of my mother."

The scissor-grinder's daughter has yet to learn who employed her father; but the past is like a disagreeable dream to her now. She has found friends and a comfortable home, and art has relieved her from her deformity. But I never think of her or her young brother, who is now the adopted son of a generous merchant, that my mind does not go back to the old scissor-grinder tramping in the hot July sun as if his very life were at stake.

"Bells were first introduced into English churches in the year 700, and used to be baptised and named before they were hung."

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S LESSON.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You look sober, Bella. What's the matter?"

The remark and question came from Aunt Rachel, who had called to spend an afternoon, and take tea with her niece.

"I feel sober, just at this time, aunt."

"No unusual cause for uncomfortable feelings, I hope," said Aunt Rachel, the pleasant light which had come into her face beginning gradually to fade away.

"Oh, no; nothing unusual. It's the old story with me. There are very few days, now, in which I am not disturbed, or made to feel unhappy."

"Why, Bella! This is strange news. Disturbed, and made to feel unhappy every day! You pain me by such an acknowledgment. What has gone wrong with you?"

"Nothing wrong with myself, aunt," was replied; "but that oldest boy of mine is growing so self-willed, disobedient, and ungovernable, that I'm half in despair about him."

"I'm sorry for that, Bella. Perhaps you have indulged and humored him too much."

"I think not. From the very beginning I have made it a rule to repress, as far as lay in my power, everything disorderly and evil; to require strict obedience to my word on pain of certain punishment. No, aunt, I do not think the fault lies at my door. Edward has a strange disposition. I don't know what to make of him, sometimes. He seems bent on doing the things I interdict. Only half an hour ago I found him in the library, with a handsome book lying open on the floor, marking some of the fine illustrations with a pencil. Once before I had punished him for this very thing, and here it was again!"

"And you punished him again?"

"I did; and severely."

"Where is he?"

"Shut in a room by himself."

"Overhead?"

"Yes; that's him pounding on the floor now. Just hear what a noise he is making! And it isn't ten minutes since I threatened to whip him if he did it again."

Bella went hastily from the room, and going half way up stairs, called, in a sharp, commanding voice—

"You Edward!"

The hammering ceased in an instant.

"What did I say to you about that noise a little while ago?"

No answer.

"Edward!" There was no kindness, no softness, no mother-love in the voice that uttered the name. "Do you hear, sir!"

Still no response.

"Why don't you answer me?"

The mother was growing excited.

"Edward; if you don't answer me I'll punish you severely."

A sulky muttering now came from the room.

"Don't let me hear that noise again, sir, or you'll be sorry for it!"

"Can't I come out, mother? I'm tired of staying here."

"No, sir; you can't come out, you naughty boy!"

"I will come out!" screamed the child, with a sudden wildness of manner, as if he had grown desperate; and he rattled the lock, and kicked passionately against the door.

This was more than the excited mother could endure. Springing up stairs, she unlocked the door, and entered the prison-room. Aunt Rachel sighed as she heard rapidly falling strokes, and the cries of Edward.

"You see," said Bella, as she returned, with a flushed face and angry looking eyes, to the sitting-room, "what trouble I've got before me."

Aunt Rachel did not reply.

"I've never seen just such a child," the young mother continued; "and I don't know what is going to become of him. He prefers wrong to right always—and recognizes authority only for the sake of disobedience. If, in sending him from the room in consequence of some misdemeanor, I tell him to go up stairs, he will, almost surely, go down; if I have said go down, he will go up. Always, he is desirous to gain the interdicted object. It is marvelous, this perversion of his mind. You don't know how it distresses me. There! Just listen. He's pounding on the floor again, as I live! And, what is more, he will keep at it, in spite of threat or punishment. Now, what am I to do with such a boy, Aunt Rachel? I've tried everything, but it's of no use."

"Suppose, Bella, you let him come down and see me. Maybe that will get him out of his present unhappy state of mind."

"But, aunt," objected the mother, "don't you see that he would then consider himself as having triumphed?"

"I'm not sure that he would think anything about it. He would come into a better state of mind than the one that is now ruling him; and this, it seems to me, would be something

gained. It is in the sunshine that good affections grow, not in storm and darkness."

Bella sat reflecting for some time. She did not like the thought of yielding to her rebellious child in the smallest degree. Pride, and love of rule, influenced her as much as a sense of duty—perhaps a little more. In giving up, she felt that she must experience a degree of humiliation.

"Forgive him, this time, for my sake," urged Aunt Rachel. "I shall not enjoy my visit if he is under punishment all the afternoon."

After a further debate with herself, the mother left the room and went up to her imprisoned boy. He was pounding on the floor when she turned the key and entered.

"Edward!" She spoke sternly.

The little fellow started up, with a look half fearful, half defiant.

"You are a very naughty boy!"

Edward set his lips firmly, and knit his fair young brows.

"How dare you pound on the floor after I had forbidden it?"

Edward moved back a step or two. There was danger in his mother's eyes.

"Why don't you answer me when I speak?"

"I couldn't help it," stammered the child.

"Couldn't help it! Aint you afraid to give me such an answer?" and a hand moved, half involuntarily, as if a blow were about to follow.

"Aunt Rachel is down stairs."

"Oh, is she!" Two little hands came together with a sound like a kiss; and waves of sunshine swept suddenly over a face that was dark and stormy a moment before.

"I've a great mind not to let you see her, after all this naughty behavior."

The mother could not forgive him. Instantly the smile went out from Edward's face; but he looked neither penitent nor deprecating. She turned from him as though she would leave him still in prison; but there was no sign of weakness—only the disfiguring scowl on his face that made it so painful to look upon.

"Come." The mother coldly extended her hand. Edward advanced toward her with slow steps, and giving his hand in a reluctant manner, as if there were no pleasure for him in the touch, followed, half behind her, down into the sitting-room.

"Here's that naughty boy!" This was Edward's introduction to his mother's aunt. "Now, don't pout your lips after that fashion!" was added, reprovingly. "Kiss Aunt Rachel."

Edward wanted to throw his arms about Aunt Rachel's neck, and kiss her to his heart's content; but, the reproof and command sent an evil spirit of resistance into him, and he merely put up his lips with an air which said for his mother, who did not see his face—"I don't want to kiss her"—but Aunt Rachel saw love in his eyes.

"If you can't behave better than that, you'd better go up stairs again."

"Oh, he's behaving nicely," said Aunt Rachel, as she drew an arm around the boy. And then she began to talk to him in a way that soon commanded all his attention. But, his mother would give him no peace. It was—

"Don't ride on your aunt in that way," or,

"Just see there, you rude fellow, your feet are on Aunt Rachel's dress." Or—

"Don't twist your shoulders so!" Or—

"You'd better go away from Aunt Rachel; you are annoying her."

"Not in the least," Aunt Rachel replied to this, drawing her loving arm close about the pleased child, in whose bright young face she read a whole volume of golden promise, if there were only a wise hand to turn the leaves.

But, half an hour did not pass before Edward and his mother came into direct collision, and he was sent in disgrace from the room.

"Now, what am I to do, Aunt Rachel?" said the mother, in a half-despairing voice. "You see what a self-willed, disobedient, reckless boy he is. How he resists me in everything. What am I to do?"

"Learn the first lesson in governing others," replied Aunt Rachel, with considerable gravity of manner.

"What is that?" asked her niece.

"To govern yourself."

"Aunt Rachel!"

"I mean just what I say. And until you learn to do this you will strive in vain with your child. Anger awakens anger; harshness naturally produces antagonism; oft repeated punishments, and for trivial offences, are the parents of rebellion—but love, Bella, quickens love into life. There is more true power for good in the tender, sympathetic tones of a mother, warm with mother-love, than in her most imperative command, or sternest interdiction. Her mission is to lead, not drive her children in the right way."

Aunt Rachel paused to note the effects of her plainly-spoken admonition. Her niece had a startled look, but she made no reply.

"I have not heard you speak a single kind,

approving word to that boy since I have been here," resumed Aunt Rachel.

"How can I speak approvingly when he does wrong? How can I encourage him to disobedience by smiling when he sets my commands at defiance?"

"I fear, Bella, that you call many things wrong that are done innocently on his part. You follow him up too closely, and scold him too much for things trivial, or of no account. You have not once, that I have seen, this afternoon, tried to divert him from anything that he was doing not strictly in the line of your approval; it was always a command, and always harshly made. Forgive me, Bella, for this plain speech; but I see your error so plainly, that I must point it out. You have forgotten the pithy adage about honey catching more flies than vinegar. Try the honey, my dear—try the honey! I am sadly afraid that you are shadowing the life of that child—shutting out the sunshine, by which alone good plants can vegetate in the garden of his soul. I have seen little besides an evil growth to-day; yet, down among the rankly-springing weeds, trying to struggle up into the air and light, a few flowers of affection were faintly visible. Oh, Bella, search for these as for precious treasures; water them with the dews of love, and let the heart's warm sunshine go down into the earth around them. Don't think so much about the repression and extermination of evil, as about the growth and development of good. But, first of all, put your own house in order. Regulate your own heart. Repress anger, pride, self-will, love of ruling, indignation at rebellion—let only affection reign in your heart, and thoughts of your child's good fill your mind."

Bella sat in a kind of bewildering silence, and her aunt kept on—

"Will you not act on my suggestion? Go to Edward, and speak to him as if you loved him. Let him feel the love in your voice, and see it in your eyes; and, as the magnet attracts iron, so will you attract him. Forget that he has offended you, or, if you think of it, and speak of it, let it be as though you were grieved, not angry. Love for his mother will bind him to the law of obedience when fear of punishment would only impel him to its violation."

Bella arose quickly. She looked into her aunt's face, but made no response. Tears were in her eyes as she left the apartment. Going up stairs to the room into which Edward had been banished, she opened the door and

went in with a quiet step. The boy started as she entered, and looked around from his work of marking with a pencil on the white window-sash. He was doing wrong, and being caught in the act, expected punishment, or an angry lecture. So he put on a look of defiance. But his mother, instead of blazing out upon him, as was her wont, sat down in a strange, quiet way, and said, "Edward," so softly and gently that he could only stand and look at her in surprise.

"Edward," she repeated his name, and now with a tenderness that made his heart leap. Her hands were held out toward him. Dropping the pencil, he advanced a step or two, looking wonderingly at his mother. She still held out her hand. "Come, dear." He was by her side in an instant.

"Do you love mother?" An arm was drawn gently around him. He did not answer in words, but put his arms about her neck and kissed her. What a thrill of pleasure went trembling to her heart.

"I love Eddy." The little arms tightened about her neck, and the little head went down, nestling upon her bosom.

"Oh! I love you so much!" The half-smothered voice was full of childish earnestness.

"Will Eddy be good for mother?"

"I won't never be naughty again!" Edward stood up, speaking in a resolute way, and looking full into his mother's face. "If I can help it," he added, a little less confidently.

"Oh, Eddy can help it if he will," said his mother, smiling encouragement into his face. Something was on the lip of the boy, but he kept it back from utterance.

"What is it, dear? What were you going to say?"

Thus encouraged, Edward said, dropping his eyes as he spoke,

"I'll forget, sometimes; I'm most sure I will. But—"

He paused with the sentence unfinished.

"But what, dear?"

"Don't scold me then, mamma. Kiss me, and I'll be so sorry!"

He caught his breath with a sob, and his mother drew his head against her bosom, and laid her tearful face down among his golden curls.

When they entered the sitting-room Aunt Rachel saw that it was all right with them. She held out her hand to Edward, who came to her in a gentle way, and stood, with a happy-looking face, by her side.

Scarcely within her memory had the mother spent so pleasant an afternoon. Edward, of course, soon forgot himself, soon meddled with forbidden things, made unseemly noises, or conducted himself in a way that tried severely his mother's patience. But, she compelled herself, and it required no light effort, to use honey instead of vinegar—to speak in affectionate remonstrance instead of with angry threats—and, instantly, the troubled waters grew still. She could not but notice the singular difference, in effect, between the loud, emphatic, commanding utterances in which she had so long indulged, and the quiet, loving words now spoken in undertones. Will then opposed itself to will; but now love yielded to love. The boy, once so indifferent and rebellious, was now anxious to gain his mother's approval. She had governed herself, and the work of governing her child, so impossible before, became a thing of easiest achievement.

"Don't forget it, dear," said Aunt Rachel, as she held the hand of her niece, in parting, at the close of her visit.

"Never!" was the earnest reply. "You have removed scales from my eyes; and selfishness, self-will, and passion, shall never blind me again. I will try to govern myself always—before attempting to govern my child—try to see what is for his good—try to stimulate the growth of loving affections, rather than give all thought to the weeds, in seeking to tear up which I have already hurt so many tender plants."

"Ah, my child, that is the true way," replied Aunt Rachel. "If you can get the life-forces of his young spirit to flow vigorously into the good plants, they will soon spring up into the sunny air, spreading out their branches, and striking their roots wide and deep into the earth—leaving the evil plants to droop and wither for lack of nourishment."

CHILDREN are allowed to be happy when they are so inclined, but they are not taught to be so when they are not inclined. They are not roughened, so to speak, against the little mischances and disappointments of every day, in eating, amusement, weather, or companions, but are allowed to cherish feelings disproportioned to the cause, and thus, in later years, "their garments become embroidered with hooks," which catch troublesomely at all kinds of persons and things, which otherwise they might pass by, not only without offence, but giving or gathering use and comfort.

THE PALACE OF MEMORY.

BY ALICE C. COLAHAN.

ONE dark morning, my friend and I entered a boat, and sailed up the river Time, into the land of the Past. The waters at first looked dark and stormy, and the waves threatened to overwhelm our frail boat; but, as we glided onward, they became smoother, and when we reached the rock on which is built the Palace of Memory, the soft breezes just rippled the surface of the water, and the sky was the clearest we had ever seen. We fastened our boat, and ascended the steps to the great entrance. In the lofty hall, we found many others waiting for admittance. Soon a person of quiet mien came to us, and offered to conduct us through the palace.

We first entered the Picture Gallery. Here, the walls were hung with splendid paintings, in massive frames, and, as we gazed upon them, the scenes they represented seemed familiar to us. A few pictures from the pencil of Fancy were among them, and though they were of the most elaborate design and glowing colors, the ruder sketches of Memory touched the heart. The trees, the landscapes, the hills, the very flowers we had loved, and which we had flung upon the river Time "long ago," each thing that had ever gladdened our hearts, we saw pictured so life-like upon the wall. Forms and faces, which long before were laid in the bosom of Mother Earth, were there. It was a long time before we left the Picture Gallery. Other people were there, and, what seemed very strange, was that whatever scene was dear and beautiful to us, had little or no interest for them.

At length we left the pictures, and passed to a large room, around the four sides of which were arranged glass cases with doors. Our guide led us up to one of these, and took down a casket emblazoned with gems. "The contents of this casket," said he, "we consider very precious." We looked into it, and saw that it contained "kind words." Another contained "bright smiles;" many of them seemed familiar to us, and we were glad that Memory had treasured them up. Passing to another case, we saw a large transparent vase, and asked our guide what it contained. "That," said he, "contains the tears of childhood. They flow as easily as the summer rivulet, and are as pure. We consider them very valuable." Passing on, we observed a large book, of a dark, dismal color, and asked our attendant, (whose name we had ascertained to be Reason,) what

it was. "That is the book of Unhealed Sorrows. It is not much read, but here," said he, laying his hand upon a book, whose cover gleamed with precious stones, "is the cure for those sorrows." And as we drew nearer, we saw it was the Holy Book which had been our consolation, when sorrows had overwhelmed us.

Meanwhile, other people were coming in, and looking about the room. We were much amused by observing an ancient belle, painted and gaudily attired, gazing pathetically upon a string of bleeding hearts, but she soon went into ecstasies over the miniature of a young man, with a vast deal of hair upon his face, and a small case of village gossip. Another, a ruined miser, was mourning over a plethoric bag of guineas, but was somewhat cheered by the presence of Hope, who stood smiling beside him.

We turned again to our conductor, who held another bright casket in his hand. "This," said he, "contains 'Departed Joys.' Wouldst thou review them?" "No," said we, "we would rather not." He replaced them, saying, "Many have wept over them, and have seemed to be unhappier for it." He then took down a large book, "This," said he, "contains 'Happy Thoughts.' You will like to read it." We opened it, and read till our eyes were dim, the half-formed thoughts of childhood, the odd ideas of youth, and the matured thoughts of manhood. It was pleasant to read them, and to note the progress Time had made with our minds.

We turned around, on hearing a dismal groaning beside us, and saw an angular spinster making moan over the box containing offers of marriage. At a little distance from her was a man with a very sinister look, groaning over the huge iron box containing the sins of mankind; and, when the guide took down a case in which was a fair sweet face, his groans increased.

Here we remarked, that we saw no young people in the hall. "No," said the guide, "they have no wish to come to the Hall of Memory. They are so engaged in plans for the Future, that they have no time to think of the Past. When hopes for the Future have lost their brightness, and men turn their thoughts to the Past, Memory summons them to her Palace, to review their past lives, and that they may see their good and evil deeds shown in their proper light, and learn to shun the evil ones in the future."

We passed on, and saw many things which

we had known in past days—ringlets of hair which we had twined round our fingers, bright eyes from which we had seen the love-light beaming—faded flowers, and other things which we thought had been lost forever. Going to the farther end of the room, the guide took down a harp. "This," said he, "is the harp on which the 'old songs of the heart' are played." He drew his hand across the strings, and an old melody floated on the air; one which we had almost forgotten, but now distinctly remembered; strains of music we heard, which brought back the scenes of "other days," and we thought of the singers, long since still and cold. The sweetest song of all, was the cradle hymn which had soothed us in infancy.

"Here," said the guide, "is a book recording the struggles of Man betwixt Right and Wrong." We saw our own written there. "And here," said he, "is the 'Triumph of Right' and the 'Triumph of Wrong.'" "How can we erase our names from the Book of Wrong?" we asked, (for our names were written in both volumes.) "If you have shunned those wrongs as sins, it shall be done hereafter," said our guide. "There is one thing," said he, "which is precious in the sight of Heaven, 'the tear of a repentant sinner.' Here are the tears of the 'widow and the fatherless,' and here is imprisoned a merry laugh. In these costly vases are kept the mirth and jollity of past days, and in this ebony box are grief and sadness. In that copper case, which is so discolored, is the 'greed of gains.' In these cases, which are fantastically formed in the shapes of serpents, are evil tempers; and in yonder rusty iron chest is self-love. In that flame-colored vase is Ambition, and that trumpet is the 'Trumpet of Fame.' Its notes are very discordant. In this box, adorned with dragon images, are wars and all vices. Wealth, you see, is gazed upon with delight, while there are very few to whom the sight of Poverty is agreeable."

We saw many other things, and lingered again awhile in the Picture Gallery; and, as the sun was setting, we returned to the quay. We entered our boat, and turning back toward the palace, we voluntarily exclaimed: "Lord, keep our memories green." The last golden rays of the sun shone upon its white walls and gold-capped turrets, and we turned our gaze and floated down the stream to meet with rougher waters, and muse over what we had seen in the far-famed palace of Memory.

East Rockport, Ohio.

BOOK BORROWING.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Next to the happiness that is the invariable result of a love of literature, under any and all circumstances, is the felicity that comes of a love of books not your own. Rather the delight which one experiences in lounging through some richly mellowed volume—a toothsome banquet for the tickling of the daintiest palate—is always sure of a corresponding enrichment by the reflection that that book has been purloined from the shelf of some unresisting victim, too weak physically to put you out of his library—the borrowers all have strength on their side—and too weak morally to resist the flattering unction laid upon his soul when you praised his taste in possessing such a book. Take it, my dear sir, and (*aside*) may it bite you the first time you open it.

The ravages of the borrowers are not to be compared with anything under the sun but the devastations of the sirocco, or the blighting havoc of the seventeen year locusts. The moths spoken of in the old play,* cannot hold a candle to these "mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes." And the great fault is, that Time and the quiescent acquiescence of the lenders have insensibly elevated the custom into the company of more estimable usages. No one knows this better than the borrower, and palatable to him is the flavor of his knowledge. My Knave's chief ambition is to worm his way into my gentleman's strongholds, and to carry off treasures dear to the poor man as the apple of his eye, upon the faith of the simple theory that if they are not his—my Knave's—own, they ought to be. Education may have something to do with the propensity, but not necessarily. It attacks all ages and conditions, from the boy who borrows a primer to present to his sweetheart, to the nicely moral man who would scorn to take a pinch of snuff with his most dexterous fingers without the owner's leave, or who would expect the State's Prison did he pick your pocket of a few miserable ducats. On this one point conscience soon acquires the toughness of the Turkey morocco for which your fingers have such an intolerable itching.

There is a time in the life of a book collector when he may say "no" to the importunities of his affectionate shadow—the borrower. It is at the very commencement of his career as an

* The moths have eaten more authentic learning than would richly furnish a hundred pedants.

Old Play.

accumulator of literary treasure, before he has fairly become an object of interest to the borrower, and ere his modesty has let the pleasant truth have a lodgment in his breast that he may aspire to the dignity of the old fellows who called themselves Book Proprietors, and measured their learning, if nobody else did, by the amount of book wisdom on their shelves. Let him lend his first volume, however, and he is done for. No amount of earthly prudence and determination can replace him in the position he has lost.

Book owners have resorted to various expedients to protect themselves from the depredations of the banditti who feast upon book-spoil; for, mind you, the finished borrower is not to be put off easily. There is a certain respectability about his errand—call it the pursuit of knowledge—which denies the commonness of his calling, and compels you to associate him with all those grand thoughts which your own love of literature suggests. You cannot, therefore, treat him as you do the financial borrower, the man who comes to implore your money, exercising an ingenuity in obtaining it, which should give him a clear title to its further possession, as property richly earned, “the wages,” says Punch, “of his intellect, his address, his reasoning or seductive powers.” You cannot set your dog on the man who comes after your books, or shut the door in his face. On the contrary, by the very dignity which letters confer upon him, he compels you to feel at once that he has a prescriptive right to your accumulations, somewhat on the principle that books belong to those who can best appreciate them. This was the beautiful faith of Coleridge, who made constant warfare upon the shelves of the gentle Elia, who accumulated books so hardly from the stalls throughout London. There was a borrower with a system! Coleridge never called without leaving his mark; and the Spinoza, the quaint old Fuller, the Thomas Browne, picked up from stall to stall, with the spare two-and-sixpences which Lamb saved from the India office, found themselves transferred in turn, with the most beautiful and simple regularity, to the carefully selected collection of his friend. Lamb expostulated, and threw himself upon the mercy of his tormentor. “Why,” he said, “why will you make your visits, which should give pleasure, matter of regret to your friends? You never come, but you take away some folio that is a part of my life.” And Coleridge made promises of reform, and borrowed with greater avidity than ever.

Lamb was truly named, if ever man was. Gentleness of heart, and a bleating, fondling desire for the affection of his kind, stimulated every impulse of his nature. The milk of human kindness coursing so freely through his veins, it is no wonder that the only expedient which he could adopt with cormorants like the author of *Christabel*, that of persuasiveness, should have utterly failed. The plan of the old Benedictine monks was the surest. With the heavy old tome which they loaned you, they gave you a year in which to master its contents, and, according as the task was done to their satisfaction or otherwise, did they loan you again or refuse. If the reader would know why such an expedient operated best for the lender, he will see by a moment's thought that a single book was the sum total of the lender's possible loss, whereas there is no calculating how many a modern borrower will make away with in a year's time.

Montaigne used to shut himself up in his Round Tower, secure the fastenings, and exclude the borrowers, including his own family. Petrarch had a special grudge against the borrowers, and died with his head upon a book. Leigh Hunt both borrowed and loaned books. If he “lent and lost, upon a moderate calculation, half a dozen decent sized libraries,” before half his time was out, it is safe to infer, by that line of mutual interchange upon which he grounded his faith, that an occasional volume, from some mysterious source, found a resting-place among his own treasures, forcibly confiscated, or to be kept till called for. He had a strong penchant for overhauling the book-cases of his friends, and arranging them to suit himself. “I long to meddle with them,” he says, “and dispose them after my own notions;” nor can I “see a work that interests me on another person's shelf, without a wish to carry it off.” But Hunt was more sinned against than sinning, and declares to have had an absolutely felonious intent upon but one volume in his life. Charles Lamb was a strictly honest borrower—what so few are. Pleasant Tom Folio tells an old borrowing anecdote of this delightful book-worm so genially, that we must give it to our readers in his own words. Lamb was a devout worshiper at the shrine of old Thomas Fuller. If any one ever fully appreciated him, it was the author of *Rosamond Gray*. “Not Southey, or even Coleridge,” says Tom, “so enjoyed the writings of the quaint and witty old divine as did Elia; and by ransacking the stalls and old book-stores, he had picked up the ‘Holy and Pro-

fane State,' the 'Good Thoughts,' etc., but the 'Church History,' the work he was most desirous of obtaining, he could not find. In this strait, a friend who had a copy of that work, knowing Lamb's fondness for Fuller, lent it to him. Gladly and proudly Charles received it,—read it,—(he 'was in paradise the while,') and returned it,—sadly, sorrowfully, regretfully returned it, as we part from an old friend. 'I parted from it bleeding,' he says, in a note to its owner." Now, suppose Lamb had been Coleridge. By his superior appreciation of that book, he would have considered his claim to it just and indisputable. He would have kept it.

It is a very pretty principle which allows that the chief value of books is in lending them, that others may partake of their intellectual food. So is it a beautiful thing to loan your long kept Burgurdy or Moscadello to some miserable, mean fellow, who will replace it with Vino d'Asti, or Brown Stout, or perhaps not at all. Besides, is not that fellow, ten to one, of all others just the one best able to have wine and books of his own? We put that in as a special poser, for those who hold that the custom of lending is a generous one. It is a positive hurt to the borrower. When it shall be made a capital offence—nay, a punishable offence, for the borrowers already think it very capital—to return a book soiled, ragged, or dog's-eared, or not to return it at all—then, ah yes, then may the tune be changed, and both borrower and lender sing Hail Columbia.

Impertinent to these remarks is Douglas Jerold's Letter of Advice to his Son. So full of deep meaning, severe innocence, and negative disclaimer, is this model letter, that, like a tin kettle, we tie it without apology to the tail of our article:—

"You ask me," says Jerold, "to supply you with a list of books, that you may purchase the same for your private delectation. My dear boy, receive this, and treasure it for a truth: no wise man ever purchases a book. Fools buy books, and wise men—borrow them. By respecting and acting upon this axiom, you may obtain a very handsome library for nothing.

"Do you not perceive, too, that by merely borrowing a volume at every possible opportunity, you are obtaining for yourself the reputation of a reading man; you are interesting in your studies dozens of people who, otherwise, would care not whether you knew A, B, C, or not? With your shelves thronged with borrowed volumes, you have an assurance that

your hours of literary meditation frequently engage the thoughts of, alike, intimate and casual acquaintance. To be a good borrower of books is to get a sort of halo of learning about you, not to be obtained by laying out money upon printed wisdom. For instance, you meet Huggins. He no sooner sees you, than, pop, you are associated with all the Cæsars; he having—simple Huggins!—lent you his Roman History bound in best historic calf. He never beholds you but he thinks of Romulus and Remus, the Tarpeian Rock, the Rape of the Sabines, and ten thousand other interesting and pleasurable events. Thus, you are doing a positive good to Huggins, by continually refreshing his mind with the studies of his thoughtful youth; whilst, as I say, your appearance, your memory, is associated and embalmed by him with things that 'will not die.'

"Consider the advantage of this. To one man, you walk as Hamlet; why? you have upon your shelves that man's best edition of Shakspeare. To another, you come as the archangel Michael. His illustrated Paradise Lost glitters amongst your borrowings. To this man, by the like magic, you are Robinson Crusoe; to this, Telemachus. I will not multiply instances; they must suggest themselves. Be sure, however, on stumbling upon what seems a rare and curious volume, to lay your borrowing hands upon it. The book may be Sanscrit, Coptic, Chinese; you may not understand a single letter of it; for which reason, be more sternly resolved to carry it away with you. The very act of borrowing such a mysterious volume, implies that you are in some respects a deep fellow—invests you with a certain literary dignity in the eyes of the lending. Besides, if you know not Sanscrit at the time you borrow, you may before you die. You cannot promise yourself what you shall not learn; or, once having borrowed the book, what you shall not forget.

"Books being themselves but a combination of borrowed things, are not to be considered as vesting even their authors with property. The best man who writes a book, borrows his materials from the world about him, and therefore, as the phrase goes, cannot come into court with clean hands. Such is the opinion of some of our wisest law-makers, who, therefore, give to the machinist of a mouse-trap a more lasting property in his invention, than if he had made an Iliad. And why? The mouse-trap is of wood and iron; trees, though springing from the earth, are property; iron, dug from the

bowels of the earth, is property; you can feel it, hammer it, weigh it; but what is called literary genius is a thing not ponderable, an essence (if, indeed, it be an essence,) you can make nothing of, though put into an air-pump. The mast that falls from beech, to fatten hogs, is property; as the forest-laws will speedily let you know if you send in an alien pig to feed upon it; but it has been held, by wise, grave men in Parliament, that what falls from human brains to feed human souls, is no property whatever. Hence, private advantage counsels you to borrow all the books you can, whilst public opinion justifies you in never returning them."

RAISING A PANIC.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"You say the panic has begun," exclaimed the old broker, rising from his great velvet easy-chair, and walking the floor. He placed his arms akimbo; his red-veined eyes sparkled with the cold gleam of avarice; his portly form swelled under the rich broadcloth; the winy color suffusing his cheeks and deepening under his eyes grew darker, and he puckered his thick lips with a triumphant whistle.

"Yes," replied the other, wiping a heated forehead, "the Preston Bank has had a heavy run since morning, and suspended an hour ago. The up-town banks are all in a tremor; men are moving about with dubious faces, frightened out of their wits; merchants are driving from store to store; and Silman just met me, hard up as ever, begging the loan of five hundred."

"Well, and what did you tell him?" asked the other.

"Why, of course, I was in the doleful—money hard with me as with everybody else—very hard; had a little, didn't know how long I might have that—great many calls, you know."

"You're a trump!" responded the other, who by this time had his hands in his pockets, and was rattling keys and loose change—"I always knew you were a trump."

"He was ready with any amount of security, and offered me one hundred for the use of five hundred, for three months."

"You refused him, of course."

"Of course I did, and put on a fifty screw."

"He took it?"

"To be sure he did. It was either that or ruin—and your honorable fellows will give a good deal to save themselves."

"A fair business operation that!" cried

broker number one, rubbing his hands complacently—"very fair. I'm in good spirits now. I'll go take a shave, and then I'll give a shave. Ha! wont there be a run on us to-day. Between you and me, Bob, old fellow—I shouldn't wonder if we made a hundred thousand cool and clear, this next twelvemonth."

"If we don't, it's because we're fools or humbugs," replied the other.

"That's so," and the old broker threw himself into his arm-chair for another laugh. "To think," he added, "what a little management will do! I tell you what, Bob, the dear public is the greatest gull that ever existed; all mankind are gulls, generally, except you and I, and the knowing ones. However, we wont quarrel with our patrons, for they give us magnificent chances. Now for a forty thousand spec to-day."

What this man said, with cruel words, was true. A systematic, concealed management, among a few moneyed men, with souls harder than the nether mill-stone, and hearts as deaf to human sympathies as if no human blood coursed through their veins, had, by dint of well-timed hints, and cries of panic, by carefully worded suspicions about this banker or that merchant, brought about the dreadful crisis that seemed to threaten the whole community. With the spirit of evil they exulted over the downfall of others. No matter what the face might express as they doled out words, words, their hearts were so full of a malign satisfaction, a satanic exultation, that it quite put the arch fiend out of countenance to look at them—and reflect how much his children had outdone him in satanic mischief.

What if pale, hopeless, haggard men, whose wild eyes told of desperation, came to them, imploring mercy? Mercy! they might as well have urged the starving lion not to eat when food was put in his way. They seemed to riot on the sufferings of their fellows. They took land, and scrip, and mortgages out of the trembling fingers of widows, and doomed the helpless orphan to ruin and starvation with a gusto that was heart-chilling to witness. Mercy in a shaver of notes! Mercy in a huge black rock of flint, with eyes of marble and soul of lead! Ask no mercy of those walking sepulchres, gilded without, but rotten within. Will there come a day when no mercy will be shown to them?

—
Angels of peace and content watched over that humble family.

What a fire it was—that first flame of the season! ruby red, golden yellow, leaping, sparkling, crackling! Baby, with laughing, beautiful eyes, lay crouching in the wooden cradle—and such a baby! milk white and red—broad brow, lightly touched with sunny curls, that looked as if a tiny breath would dissolve them—cheeks, arms, hands, fingers, rioting in dimples—over all the air of a healthy vitality—a joyous existence. The patient cripple on the bed, a boy of fifteen, who had never walked, smiled as he glanced from his book upon the cheerful group. Lucy, the eldest daughter, was preparing the table for the evening meal, and flitted from one place to another, a smile of content lighting up her pretty face—and three handsome boys, from the ages of four to eleven, bursting in at that moment, clamorous for supper, completed the picture.

“Hurrah for the fire!” exclaimed Josey, the eldest, flinging himself on the hearth. “Now we shall have a fire all winter—and good, warm clothes. It was so bad last winter—no clothes—no fire—so little to eat, and poor father half crazy.”

“My pa has got six hundred dollars in the savings-bank, and lots of work,” chirruped little Jim, stretching his boots toward the flame.

“Yes, didn’t he work for it, though, cleaning out the cellars, and digging the wells; and didn’t he like to get killed with foul air? I’m glad he’s porter now, in that great dry-goods store, ‘cause it aint so hard; and he dresses nice, and lets us come to see him sometimes.”

“Make room at the fire for your father, children—I see him coming,” said the mother, with cheerful voice, as she came forward to take the babe out of his cradle. “Lucy, set the tea to steeping, and take the toast up. You had better light a lamp, too, I think.”

The tea was drawn—the light burning, and still the father came not. He seemed a long time passing from the front door to that of the room where the family were.

When he did enter there was that in his haggard face that frightened them all, and as he sank cowering upon a seat, and hid his face in his hands, their fright broke out in questions.

“O! father, what is the matter?” and “Thomas, my husband! what has happened?”

“God have mercy on you all,” at last issued from the white lips of the father. “The Preston bank has failed, and my employer has failed. I’m utterly swamped—I’m ruined!”

His voice broke down again, and great tears rolled over his honest face, over his rough fingers.

“Thomas—you—don’t—mean to say that you’ve lost your six hundred dollars!” exclaimed his wife, while the children sat stupefied—“you can’t mean that you’ve lost that!”

“Every cent,” echoed the poor man dismally, “and out of employment besides. No matter what becomes of me now—I’m utterly discouraged—clean give out; my heart has no more hope.”

“O! don’t speak so, Thomas,” said his wife, with quivering lips.

“How can I help it, Martha? Think how I toiled and slaved for that money! Think how I went without new clothes, and everything else I needed, so we mightn’t suffer this winter as we suffered last. God knows how thankful I was to him for ‘abling me to lay it up for a time of need—now we must all starve—I don’t see nothing else ahead.”

“No, Thomas, we shall be poorly enough off—but we shant starve,” replied his wife.

“O! father, come and drink a cup of tea,” said Lucy, pleadingly, the tears dropping one by one from her eyes.

“No, child, I can neither eat nor drink. When I heard it, if some one had struck me over the head with a bar of iron I couldn’t have felt a sharper pain; and it hasn’t left me a moment since.”

Very little could the poor children eat, and they stole off almost supperless to bed.

The next day the doctor came. His patient, he said, had the brain fever. Only a little week—and the sexton, the coffin, the hearse followed, and the stricken family, the broken-hearted wife and little ones, carried father and husband to his humble grave. The happy household was broken up, the children taken from school, and a winter of suffering and gloom was upon them.

But oh! how the money-shaver laughed that day! How the gold chain on his velvet vest bobbed up and down with his exceeding merriment! How he ate of his canvas-backs and rubbed his fat hands at the thought that he had made twenty thousand dollars—coined it from broken hearts—oh! with what unction he did laugh as he promised his daughter a six hundred dollar camel-hair shawl.

Six hundred dollars! the death-blow of poor, honest Thomas!

The broker had driven at least half of the nails that held his coffin together.

"What! I was awake then. How much of the dream had been reality?"

Certainly a part of it, for Thomas had lost his six hundred dollars, and now lay prone on his bed, fed upon by hot fever. Had I foreseen his death, and the breaking up of that happy household? My heart sunk within me as I sprang from my seat, and hastily attiring myself, hurried to the humble place. Yes, the curtains in that room were still down—the bell was muffled. Softly the door was opened.

"No better."

The tears fell as the sorrowful words were spoken, and I turned away, a pain in my heart. The next day and the next my visits terminated in the same way; but on the third morning a smiling face greeted me with the words—"the doctor says he is better—he will recover with proper care."

"Recover!"—I dared to wonder if it were best—recover to feel his helplessness, his poverty—recover to know that richer and less worthy men were feeding on his hardly earned gains.

It was not long before they admitted me to his bedside. There seemed yet to lie upon him the whiteness and the sharpness of death—his face was worn to the bone—his eyes were hollow and glassy.

"He don't get along very fast," said his wife, "the doctor says he musn't worry—but I can't keep him from it."

The lip of the sick man quivered. "I think of the doctor's bill, sometimes," he said in a feeble voice, "and of my losses—how can I help it!"

"Look up to God—I am sure he will provide for you." Although my tones were firm, I fear my heart was almost faithless.

"Yes, yes—I try—I try very hard to feel that," he said with emphasis; "I believe God never deserts any of his creatures, but, He don't work miracles."

"Sometimes he does," was my reply, "or something very like, it seems to us. At any rate, don't fret if you can help it. The more submissive we are, the more helps are put in our way."

My faith grew as I spoke. For a moment it seemed to me possible to lift the sick man from his bed—to provide for all his needs—to make provision for his dreary future. I think he took courage from my face, for he smiled feebly, put forth both his wasted hands, and exclaimed, "you are a good friend. Somehow you have inspired me with hope—it don't look

as gloomy as it did but now. Thank you! thank you!"

Softly spoken, soothing, cheering words! oh! they are music by the poor man's hearth, by the sick man's bedside. I went away happier for his grateful manner—praying that his burden might be lightened.

The day following I called again. Mother and daughter came to the door, the latter with the babe in her arms. More joyful, beaming faces I had never seen. Even the baby crowed with a new and exultant note.

"O! please walk into the room," said the good wife, in a trembling whisper, "I've got something to tell you."

I followed her. The lame boy on his little bed seemed as radiant as the rest. An open letter lay on the table.

"Read it—oh! it seems so wonderful! and how shall we tell him? I didn't dare."

The tears were running now, tears of gladness, not grief. I took the letter mechanically. Thus it ran:

"To MR. THOMAS DAVIES,

"Dear Sir—

"Your uncle, the late John Davies, of Marks, Marks County, has left you, by will, his homestead—the farm embracing forty acres, and the sum of fourteen hundred dollars in cash. You are requested to be at Marks on Monday next, that steps may be taken to put you in immediate possession.

"Yours very truly,

"Etc., etc., etc."

If ever a heart beat with emotion almost uncontrollable, mine did at that moment; if ever tears of gratitude were shed, I shed them then and there. My pleasure amounted almost to ecstasy.

"Why, you're all as rich as kings!" I cried, looking round upon the happy faces; "if ever a family had reason to bless God, surely you have. The good man spared, and this little fortune yours."

"I thought of your words yesterday," said the wife, half sobbing, "and when I read the letter it took the breath from me, for it seemed as if I felt God standing close beside me, and heard him say, 'haven't I made it all up to you?' But how shall we tell Thomas?"

I took it upon myself to tell Thomas. I went into his little room and held his wasted hand, while calmly and quietly I told him the story of my dream, substituting other names, and then the stranger things that followed. He looked and listened, seeming to gather from what I said that hope and happiness were

given to him again; and when I added, "that letter, my friend Thomas, came this morning; God has answered your trust in him; never doubt again;" he covered his poor, pale face with his hand, and cried like a child. His wife came in and kissed him—so did all his children, silently, joyfully, all but the poor lame boy, whose weak voice was heard piping, "Oh, father! I'm so glad!" then we stood, tremblingly awaiting the result. That result was, a broken prayer, the very voice of which was rich with thanksgivings. The men who had raised the panic were put utterly out of mind—only their poor victims, widows and orphans, who were suffering that day without remedy, were remembered—some of them afterward with blessings golden and gracious. I wish you could see the happy family in the old-fashioned homestead, each one content, busy, amply dowered with health. It would do your hearts good. The lame boy thrives on milk and the genial country air, and though he may never walk, yet he sees nature in her most beautiful moods, and fragrant flowers bless him all the summer days with their perfume.

OUR LITTLE MALLIE.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

*"Not lost, but gone before."**"Not lost, but gone before,"*

For this dear thought I thank thee, oh! my God;
And soon my falt'ring steps shall tread the road
His little feet have trod.

Not lost, thank God, not lost!

My darling one, thou hast but gone before;
And I shall meet thee, love, in that fair land
When life's brief dream is o'er.

A few more weary years,

A few more sorrows suffered patiently,
Then done, forever done with grief and tears,
Darling, I'll come to thee!

Not lost, my blessed one!

Not lost, but safe on the Redeemer's breast,
In that fair clime where Death may come no more,
The country of the blest.

Is it for this I grieve?

Is it for this the burning teardrops flow?
And would I seek to call my darling back
To earth's dark scenes of woe?

I will not murmur more!

Father, no longer shall my heart rebel;
Meekly I'll bow me to Thy will, and own
Thou doest all things well.

For thee, my angel child,

What brighter fate could I have sought for thee?
Safe, safe forever on the Saviour's breast!
Safe for eternity!

Again the teardrops flow,

But these are blessed tears that calm my heart;
Oh! darling, well I know we soon shall meet—
Meet nevermore to part.

My Father! I am frail;

Lead my weak steps to the celestial shore,
Lead me, my Father, till I meet my child
Where Death may come no more.

Oh! rare celestial clime!

Oh! angel choir, with hymns of praises sweet!
Oh! clime of glory, clime of beauty rare,
Where friends long severed meet!

To thee, my darling's home,

To thee I lift my weary, longing eyes,
To thee, through cares and sorrows still I press,
Sweet home beyond the skies!

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

How much readier we are to believe evil of
our fellow creatures rather than good! We
nod our heads knowingly when anything is ut-
tered to our neighbor's disadvantage, and ex-
claim,

"I always thought so! It has turned out
just as I said! I knew that he was no better
than he should be!"

Why is this? why is our charity so small,
and our love of the disparagement of others
so regnant over every other good principle?
Is it not because we have failed to impress
upon the tablets of our hearts the golden rule,
"Do unto others as ye would that they
should do unto you."

If we abided by this we should not slander
our acquaintance, because we would not wish
to be slandered. We should not turn upon him
in his adversity with harsh words and con-
temptuous smiles, because we would not like
to be forced to accept the same measure from
him.

If every man, woman, and child practiced
the precept which this simple rule teaches,
what a happy place this world would be!
Envy and strife would cease—men would be
at peace one with another, and God's favor
would descend upon us like a cloud of incense.

Life, be it ever so bare and barren, is well
worth living. There are seasons of happiness

to every human heart; and brief glimpses of joy are vouchsafed, which assure us, beyond doubt, that our Father has, in the storehouse of His love, treasures of bliss laid up, to be, at last, the inheritance of those who toil with zeal and faith for his glory.

Never say that life is a cheat! It is not so! With all its trials, its crosses, its perplexities—and they are legion—it is a right glorious thing to live!

And how much more triumphantly sublime is the life whose waters have flowed over uneven places! Is not that water purest which is dashed down mountain cataracts? Is not the serene calm which follows the summer tempest a thousand times more beautiful than the murky sultriness which preceded it?

He who is All-Wise has ordered life for the best, with its alternate clouds and sunshine; for when we pass out of the shadow into the eternal sunlight of His mercy—the radiance will be to us tenfold more grateful, because of the darkness which has prevailed.

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. Argument, be it ever so powerful and convincing, avails nothing with one in whose breast these principles are firmly fixed. As well attempt to reason with the unsightly boulder which disfigures your fertile field, as to convince a conceited man that he is in the wrong.

Better get involved in an argument with a statesman, than with one of this dogged class, for in the latter case it will be a fearfully unequal contest, and you will gain nothing by the contact.

It is the most difficult thing in life to love our enemies!

To-day an irreparable wrong is done us—we know that it was achieved wilfully, and from long-continued hatred and ill-will against us.

Do we love the doer?

Do we yield to him a sheltered corner of the heart, where peace and forgiveness reign, and pray, meanwhile, earnestly and zealously for his happiness and prosperity? Do we forgive him fully and freely for the injury, and hold no malice toward him for the trouble he has caused us? Are we as ready to do him a favor as we are to oblige our friend, who has always been kind, considerate, and affectionate to us? whose love we possess, with whom we are in concord and harmony, and for whom we feel a sincere and unwavering friendship?

We ponder over what we call duty; we say that we forgive our enemy; we wish him no evil; we are willing he should prosper, but—*do we forget?*

By God's grace alone can we love our enemies.

The man who has not in his heart faith in a Divine Power which overrules all things, as He seeth fit—can never sincerely pray for those who despitely use him.

God has created for us a very beautiful world. The smallest object that He has fashioned is not destitute of beauty. It may be invisible to the material eye, but it exists—though hidden and unappreciated.

The disgusting caterpillar develops into a golden-winged butterfly; the dull brown bud on the bough of a fruit tree is transformed by the influence of warmth and sunshine into a cluster of blossoms which load the air with sweetness.

The turbid waters of the tarn hide fishes that sparkle as never gold or diamonds sparkled; and the tiniest pebble that obstructs your pathway, when viewed through a microscope, teems with a thousand points of beauty. The serpent, deadly though he be, is covered with a garment of gorgeous coloring; and even the ugly and despised toad wears a jewel in his head.

With heartfelt sympathy I pity the man who can walk abroad over this beautiful earth, and see nothing to admire!

The lover of nature is never lonely, for he has his mistress always with him. He reads pages of poetry more thrilling than was ever unfolded by illumined covers—on the wide-spread scroll of crimson clouds that float in the sunset voids; on the wild, free hills; in the depths of the great rivers that pour their offerings into the mysterious ocean; on the stern mountain crags that awe into silence, and permeate the inmost recesses of the being with their stupendous grandeur!

I am glad that I have in my soul an intense love of the beautiful. I am glad that a glorious sunset has the power to wake a thrill in my breast which no passion of words can describe! I am glad that I find perfect happiness in the contemplation of the wonderful objects which are but the works of His fingers!

Thank God for having implanted within me a capacity to enjoy fully and rapturously the things called Beautiful!

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. VII.

ON a recent call, a lady, whose dark hair was fast threading with gray, apologized for the ink on her finger by saying, she had just finished directing a letter, as the bell called her to the parlor. Knowing the dislike of elderly persons to use the pen, I inquired if she did not find writing a task; she replied, that she considered answering letters as sacred a duty as paying a debt, and she never neglected it.

It was certainly no new truth; but, either from the evident sincerity of the speaker, or the importance it assumed in her mind, it appeared in a new light; and, scanning it over, I found many unsurveyed bearings that had been hidden in the haze. It was not pleasant, for conscience gave me a number of sharp twinges, and I only got relief by promising myself that I would sit down in the next leisure hour, and do each neglected duty.

A week passed, and that hour came. The steady autumn rain came slowly sobbing down all day, rifting the trees of leaves, and laying them in dust, amid the moanings of the wind, that wailed a requiem on every blast. The staircase creaked and shook, as if invisible spirits were traversing it, and the windows trembled in their casements, as if quaking with fear. Then how grateful seemed the glowing grate in my chamber, that drove away every shadow, and the cheerful crimson drapery of the curtains, which deadened the beatings of the rain, and the soft carpet that sent back no ghostly echo to startle timid nerves. My low sewing chair, close by my writing desk, with pen and ink and a fresh quire of paper, looked very inviting,—and I took it, ready to fulfill my promise.

I opened the secretary, and took from it a bundle of letters: the first dated four years previous, and written in a schoolboy's hand. It seemed so strange that I should correspond with him! He was the mere passing acquaintance of a few short weeks, and why was my heart drawn towards him? I think it was, that he was the only son of his mother, and his confession in a frank hour of that mother's love and interest for him; and too, that I saw the elements of good and evil were strong within his soul; and though the world noted the evil, and looked coldly upon him, and gave no cheering word of praise for the good, yet I felt it was yet undecided, and a feather might

turn the scale, and a letter from me might be that feather; and it was sent, and then responded to, and answered again, and continued on, until I open the last, received a month ago, and, thank Heaven—and I say it reverently—no pang comes with it. In it, he says he stood in slippery places, and my words came and strengthened and upheld him. My clearer vision saw the dangers in his path, and he turned from them, and sought for the Rock of Ages to rest upon. He could never repay me, but he would try to hope with the wayward, entrusted to his care, as I hoped with him, and lead their feet in the right way.

The next comes from a far distant brother, a stranger amid strangers, and is post-marked July; four months since of silence. I answered it long ago; I plead in extenuation of my neglect; but, says conscience, the letter probably miscarried, and why have you not written again? Think of the lonely one traversing the prairie week after week, and the despondent return at night-fall, with no word from home to gladden his heart! How sad you often feel here, amid all the comforts of life, and loving friends encircling you, when word comes there is no mail matter for you to-day! My letter to-night must begin: "Forgive me this time, and I will never be so negligent again."

Ah! here are a dozen dainty satin envelopes, with a wreath of flowers enclosing the superscription, and a faint perfume arising from their thin folds. Delicate, ethereal, like the writer,—and, as we choose the frailest chased cup to hold the rarest nectar, so her form to her spirit. Her letters always seemed permeated and embalmed with innocence and love, and my soul would insensibly breathe in their atmosphere, and for a time grow strong to say words, and do deeds, of kindness and purity. The last one—I remember it as if to-day—lay looking up to me rebukingly from the desk unanswered, week after week, neglected for some trifling reason, and then it was too late! Blanche Brandon—Heaven could not reach her—and an undone duty, ever bringing tears, it must lie on my heart, till I clasp her in my Father's mansion on high.

And thus I pass on, smiling, and even merry over a few, and sighing and tearful over others. Here is one, in a very delicate, ambiguous manner, seeking for what she had not courage to openly ask—advice. She was all but engaged to one whom she loved, and yet there was a little distrust mingled with that love, not felt in his presence, for he had the outward semblance of goodness, generosity,

and all that was noble, and the false emanations that arose from the counterfeit blinded perception, for the time being; but, when the atmosphere again became clear, doubts would arise. I felt the same; in his company, I liked and approved—away, distrusted, and with apprehensions; but I could not analyze, much less find proof against him, and was it right for me to speak? I did not; and months passed on, and she gave herself to him, and, as time has proved, to a life of unsatisfied yearnings for qualities in her husband that she can love, respect, and honor. Perhaps I did right; but, as I meet her with the deep lines of patient suffering written around her mouth, and the brightness of her eyes dulled by the haze of sadness she has gazed through, and the brown of her hair fast turning to a snowy hue, frosted by the congealings of the winter of love in her heart, I lament that my will had not been strong and my hand willing to pen, if not advise, the forebodings that intuitively I felt.

The last letter is opened, but I have no heart to answer one. To sit with folded hands, listening to the surging wind among the branches, and the sobbing plaint that the warm curtains cannot now shut out, is more in unison with my spirit, saddened by the thoughts of neglected duties. It appeared such a mere trifle at the time, postponing from day to day, from disinclination or want of energy, what seemed then could be done as well in a coming hour; but, dear girls, is not life made up of mere trifles, a smile here, a word there, and acts all along, links woven and bound in together, which, if you break or leave unfastened, will remain sharp and jagged, not only fretting you but others through life. And, oh! think perhaps through those unsafe, broken places, some soul may fall where the sunshine of hope cannot directly light upon it—only glimmers coldly on the distant tree tops, and love which walks through the dreariest, bleakest pathway, with a cheerful countenance, cannot breathe in the dark atmosphere—it must die, leaving the soul desolate.

Berea, Ohio.

THE natural and only safe mode of enjoying amusements is in common. Where one sex enjoy their amusements alone, they are sure to run into excess. The division of the human family into man, woman and child, father, mother, brother and sister, is the only conservative principle of society; they act and re-act upon each other, like the different seasons of the earth.

THE TWO LEGACIES.

BY MARGARET LYON.

THE chamber in which the sick man lay, was small and the furniture poor, though everything was neat, clean, and orderly. There were four persons in the room; the sick man, his wife, and two children. The elder of the children was a boy fifteen years of age; the other, a girl just entering her sixth year. They were standing around the bed, gazing with tearful eyes upon a beloved face, which, after a few more feeble heart-beats, would be cold and expressionless.

"Edward," said the dying man, taking the hand of his son, and looking at him with a tender, yearning solicitude; "Edward, my son, I am now about to leave you. It has not pleased our good Father in heaven to make me rich; I have neither houses, nor lands, nor money for my children—only the legacy of a good name, which I hand over to you as a sacred trust. Look well to it, that nothing sullies its brightness. Keep it as our family heir-loom, and transmit it undimmed to your children. If you are ever tempted to do wrong, think of this high trust, and forbear. Be honest, virtuous, industrious, temperate, and faithful to all trusts that may be confided to you; and if it is best for you to gain riches in this world, God will pour them into your lap; and if you remain virtuous and honorable, holding them as good gifts from above, they will bless instead of cursing you. You are only a boy, but your hands are already used to work, and have acquired some skill. Be faithful to your employer, as if the business were your own. I leave your mother and sister in your care. Never forget them, my son."

Then laying his thin white hand on the boy's head, the dying man, with his dim eyes lifted upwards, said, tremulously—

"The Lord bless thee, my son; and keep thee, unspotted, in this evil world."

An hour afterwards, and there was silence and desolation in the house.

In the same street, and directly opposite the house in which this scene passed, towered up the stately mansion of one who had been more favored in worldly fortune. And his time had come also. Death is no respecter of persons. In his eyes, all are equal; rich and poor; the lofty and the humble; the bond and free—all alike must go down with naked feet to the darkly flowing river. Around his bed were gathered wife, and children, and friends. But the dying man's legacy was not reserved for

announcement at this late moment. Years before, in due legal formality, his last will and testament had been written. His son and daughter would inherit ample fortunes. And so, in these his last moments, no anxious thoughts for them held him lingering on the utmost verge of mortality. Gradually his pulses grew feebler and feebler, and he died without a word or sign.

Almost at the same moment, a small piece of crape was fastened on a dingy brass door-knob, and a sign of death, falling in ample folds to the very door-step, tied to a silver bell-handle. From opposite sides of the street, these tokens of death looked at each other; the one fluttering bravely in the wind, the other shrinking against the door, as if half ashamed of its office. Three days afterwards, a grand funeral cortege, stretching away in a line of thirty carriages, took up its solemn march towards a fashionable cemetery. An hour later, and a hearse and two carriages moved sadly from the little house opposite the one from which the great company of mourners had passed.

Edward Strong and Charles Raynor, orphaned by these two deaths, were of nearly the same age. But how different their lots, and how different their prospects! To each had passed a legacy; but of what a different character!

In a work-shop, leaning over a bench, sat a boy. His clothes were coarse; his hands soiled and rough; his face dark with smoke and sweat. But all his movements were quick, and showed his mind to be active and in earnest. There were others at work around him—boys and men; some active and in earnest, like himself; others with slower and less interested movements, and some idling, or but half employed. The door opened, and the owner of the shop entered. He had a quick eye, and at a glance understood, from the movement of every boy and man, with what degree of earnestness he had been employed. To one he spoke a sharp word; to another he gave a mild reproof; and then came and stood by the lad to whom we have just referred. The boy did not look up, nor quicken his motions, but kept on in his earnest way. While the man yet stood looking at him, he finished the piece of work on which he was engaged. His employer took it from his hands, and, after looking at it carefully for a little while, said, in a kind, approving voice,

"Very well done, indeed, Edward, and finished in good time. Take it down into the store; there's a job that I want done by a

careful hand. I will be down in a few moments to see you about it."

The boy arose from his bench, with a glow of pleasure ruddily gleaming through the soil on his cheeks, and passed from the shop with an elastic step. The proprietor came down into the store a few minutes afterwards; but, before noticing the boy, he went to a clerk who stood writing at a desk, and said to him,

"How much do we pay Edward Strong?"

The clerk took down the wages-book, and, on referring to it, answered,

"Three dollars a week, sir."

"Make it five."

"Yes, sir;" and the book was closed.

The man, whom we will call Mr. Campbell, turned from the desk, and went to where Edward was standing, awaiting his pleasure.

"We took an order this morning, Edward," said Mr. Campbell, "from a very particular customer, and I want it done in the neatest manner."

He then gave Edward a description of the article required, with a pattern to work from. There were certain deviations from the pattern, however, that only an intelligent mind could comprehend, and a skilled hand execute. After a full description had been given, Mr. Campbell said,

"Can you do it, Edward?"

The boy lifted his bright intelligent eyes to his employer's face, and answered, in a confident tone,

"I can try, sir."

"It is wanted on the day after to-morrow. The time is short; do you think it can be done?"

"Yes, sir, by working at night."

Mr. Campbell stood a moment, and then said,

"You think it will require night-work?"

"I wouldn't like to risk not getting it done," replied Edward; "so, I'll come back to-night, after supper, and get ahead as far as possible. With this start, I can finish it to-morrow, or, at least, to-morrow night. You may depend on it, sir, if I am alive and well."

When Edward went home at the close of that week, he took the good news to his mother that his wages had been raised to five dollars, and that Mr. Campbell said he was the best and trustiest workman among all his apprentices. It was an hour of joy to that mother, who sat low down in the vale of poverty, with the shadow of a great affliction resting upon her.

At his desk sat a boy dressed in fine broad-cloth, leaning over a book, but only pretending

to study. A recitation was called, and he went up with his class. When his turn came to recite, he was dumb. The teacher prompted him, when he blundered over a few sentences, and then came to a full stop. The fact was, he had only pretended to study his lesson, and, as a consequence, did not know it. The teacher reproved him before the class, and the boy answered impertinently.

"Charles Raynor," said the teacher, in a stern voice, "you must take back that word instantly!"

The boy stood silent and dogged.

"Did you understand me, sir? There must be an instant apology before the class."

The boy looked defiant. There was no thought of apology in his mind. He, Charles Raynor, with a legacy of sixty thousand dollars, to come into his hands on the day he became twenty-one years of age—he knew the exact provisions of his father's will—he apologize to a poor school-master? No indeed!

The teacher stood, sternly awaiting his decision.

"I give you five seconds, sir!"

The boy looked up with an insolent leer.

"Take your hat and go home, sir," said the teacher, as the five seconds expired.

The boy turned away and left the school-room.

Mrs. Raynor was far from approving the conduct of her son, and tried her best to make him return and offer a suitable apology to the teacher. But the weak lad had already grown purse-proud, and was not going to humiliate himself to a "beggary school-master," as he was pleased to call an accomplished and high-minded teacher, who occupied a more elevated position than it was possible for him ever to gain.

Five years later. In the same room where Edward Strong had received the legacy of a good name, with the dying injunction and blessing of his father, sat, late in the evening, a young man, deeply absorbed in a book. It was Edward himself, now on the verge of manhood. He had grown tall and well-developed in chest and limb. His face was thoughtful, intelligent, and grave, for one of his years; his eyes large, deep, earnest, and full of purpose, as you would have acknowledged, had you seen them, as he looked up from his book on the entrance of his mother. He smiled as he closed the volume and said,

"Sit down, mother."

As Mrs. Strong sat down, Edward continued,

"When father died he left me his good name. Its lustre is not tarnished yet, and God being my helper, it never shall be! I cannot forget that hour, nor what my father said to me, a little while before his voice grew forever silent on the earth. It was a legacy better than gold. He said, 'Be honest, virtuous, industrious, and temperate,' and ever since that time I have seemed to hear his voice repeating the injunction. I have not been without temptation, but a thought of him always gave me strength to overcome, and so, dear mother, I have conquered thus far, though many have fallen around me. There was another injunction which I have endeavored strictly to obey. He said, 'Be faithful to your employer as if the business were your own.' I have endeavored to be thus faithful, and this faithfulness has worked to my own benefit in many ways, and now, especially, in this: To-day Mr. Campbell made me foreman of the shop, and increased my wages to eighteen dollars a week, saying to me, at the same time, such kind and flattering things as covered my cheeks with blushes."

"There is no happier mother than I am to-night," said Mrs. Strong, as she clasped the hands of her son, and held them tightly against her breast.

Even at this moment there came a loud, riotous cry from the street in front of their dwelling, startling mother and son from their present state of mind. On going to the window and looking out, they saw a young man struggling in the hands of a police officer.

"Charles Raynor, as I live!" exclaimed Edward.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Mrs. Strong, in an alarmed voice.

"Drunk, that is all," said Edward, as he saw the young man throw his arms above his head, and heard him cry out in a voice that was incoherent from intoxication.

At this moment the door of Mrs. Raynor's elegant mansion opened, and a waiter came out hurriedly. Seizing an arm of the young man, he drew him, with the assistance of the policeman, into the house. The door shut, and the policeman retired.

"Wretched mother!" said Mrs. Strong, in a tone of pity, as she turned from the window with tears in her eyes. "How my heart aches for her!"

A few months later Mr. Campbell stood talking with Edward in the shop, on some matter of business. He had finished what he had to say, and was about turning from the young

man, when, from the impulse of some thought, presenting itself at the moment, he asked,

"How old are you, Edward?"

"I am twenty-one to-day," was replied.

"Ah! then you are of age?"

"Yes, sir."

"I congratulate you on attaining your majority," said Mr. Campbell, taking Edward's hand, and grasping it warmly. "If the promise of your boyhood is fulfilled, success and honor lie before you. Since the day you came into my shop as a boy, I have never had aught against you."

"I have tried always to do my duty," said the young man modestly.

"And you have not failed. But what are your plans as to the future?" said Mr. Campbell.

"I have no plans, sir."

"I should like you still to hold your present situation."

"I have no wish to change," was answered.

"You have made my interests your own," said Mr. Campbell, speaking slowly, like a man who desired his words to be understood and remembered, "and hereafter your interests shall be mine. Remember that I am in earnest, Edward," and turning away, he left the shop.

What a happy mother was Mrs. Strong on that birthday evening of her son, when he repeated to her the words of Mr. Campbell! Her heart beat in great throbs of pleasure, and swelled with pride and gratitude.

"O, my son!" she exclaimed, "you have made my cup brimming with joy."

It was three or four weeks subsequent to this time, when a young man, fashionably dressed, entered the office of a prominent citizen, and said to an attendant, in a curt, half-insolent way,

"Is Mr. H—— in?"

"He is," replied the attendant.

"Then I wish to see him."

"Will you take a seat, sir? He is engaged just now."

"How long will he be engaged?" asked the young man, rudely.

"Not long. Sit down."

The visitor muttered something impatiently, and commenced walking the floor in a restless way. After a few minutes he turned to the attendant and said,

"Go and tell Mr. H—— that Charles Raynor wishes to see him."

The attendant went into the next room, and returned in a few moments, saying that Mr.

H—— would be at leisure in five minutes.

At the end of this time a gentleman, with whom Mr. H—— had been engaged, came out, when the young man passed in.

"Good morning, Charles," said Mr. H——, smiling, and extending his hand, as his visitor entered. Mr. H—— was a man somewhat past middle age, with a face that indicated solidity of character, united with an intelligent experience of life. The smile with which he greeted the young man, played for only a moment or two about his lips, when his look became grave.

"I suppose," said Charles, as he sat down at the request of Mr. H——, "you are aware that I am of age to-day."

"Yes, Charles, I am aware of it," replied Mr. H——.

"And you are also aware," said Charles, "that according to my father's will I am now to receive my share of his estate."

Mr. H—— bowed in acquiescence.

"On what day will you be prepared to place me in possession of the property?"

"Whenever you desire it."

"I desire it now," said the young man—"that is, just as soon as the proper legal papers can be executed. To-day I want five thousand dollars. Can I have it?"

Mr. H—— looked at the stripling, whose face already bore sad evidences of sensual indulgence and evil passion, and hesitated to reply.

"Did you understand me, sir?" The manner of Charles Raynor was impatient.

"I understand you, Charles."

"Very well. Can I have the money to-day?"

"I do not wish to be intrusive, Charles; but as your late father's friend, and yours also, I will venture to ask as to the use you wish to make of this large sum of money?"

The young man drew himself up with an offended air, and said, with an effort to be dignified—

"I believe, sir, that I am fully competent to manage my own business. I am a man, and responsible to no one."

Mr. H—— bowed coldly, and replied,

"Come at one o'clock, sir, and I will be ready for you."

Charles drew out his watch and looked at it with an air of disappointment. It was just ten o'clock.

"At one, did you say?" A slight frown contracted his brows.

"Yes, sir; at one o'clock."

Charles bowed formally and withdrew. He had scarcely left the office when Mr. H—— took up his hat and went out in a hurried manner. His steps were directed to the house of Mrs. Raynor, with whom he asked an interview.

"Your son is of age to-day," he said, on meeting Mrs. Raynor.

"Yes; this is his twenty-first birthday," but in a tone that gave no sign of pleasure.

"He has just been to see me."

Mrs. Raynor looked, with a sober countenance, into the executor's face, but made no reply.

"He wishes to come into possession of his portion of his father's estate at once," said Mr. H——.

Mrs. Raynor's face grew troubled.

"He will squander it like water, I fear," she said.

"I fear as much," remarked the executor.

"Is there no way to keep it out of his hands," asked the mother.

"I think not," was replied. "The provisions of the will are specific. I call, now, to mention that he wants five thousand dollars to-day, and is very urgent about the matter."

"Five thousand dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Raynor, with a look of distress; "what possible use can he have for a sum of money like that?"

"No good use I fear," returned Mr. H——.

"Don't give it to him," said Mrs. Raynor, in a tone of much feeling.

"It will be an unpardonable offence," suggested the executor, leading to a break between us, and the destruction of all my influence over him in the future. Is it well to risk this consequence?"

The face of Mrs. Raynor grew still more distressed.

"I see, I see," she answered, wringing her hands in a nervous, excited manner. "And if your influence is lost, there is no hope of him. He won't take a word of remonstrance or advice from me. Oh, I have wished a hundred times that his father had died poor!"

"It would have been better for the boy, I'm sure," said Mr. H——. "But the question now is, shall I give him the money he demands? It is his by right, and if I withhold it now, it can only be for a short time."

"Do as you think best," replied Mrs. Raynor, tears flowing over her pale cheeks; "but, above all things, do not offend him. My only hope is in you. When your control is lost, he is lost."

And the poor mother's frame shook with the wild strife of her feelings.

At one o'clock, to a minute, Charles Raynor called at the office of Mr. H——, who was grieved to see that he had been drinking.

"I will take that money," he said, with the air of a man who expected an immediate compliance with his wishes.

"It would suit me better to pay the amount to-morrow," replied Mr. H——, in a mild, conciliating tone. "Can't you possibly do without it until to-morrow?"

"Didn't I say that I wanted it to-day?" The young man showed some irritation.

"You did, Charles."

"Very well, sir; I meant just what I said. You told me that you would be ready for me at one o'clock; and here I am."

Seeing that it would be in vain to parley with the young man, the executor took down his check-book, and filled out a check for five thousand dollars. He then wrote a receipt in due form, and required Charles to sign it. On handing him the check, he said,

"Your property is in stocks and real estate. The real estate is paying a good interest, and the stocks are among the safest in the market. I shall have to sell some of these stocks in order to realize the amount I now pay you."

"We'll talk about that another time," said Charles, interrupting Mr. H—— almost rudely, and turning away, he left the office.

Charles was not home at tea-time. Ten, eleven, twelve, one o'clock came, and still he was absent. It was not a novel thing for him to be out late at night; indeed, he was rarely home before twelve or one o'clock. On this occasion Mrs. Raynor did not go to bed as usual. The fact that her son had demanded, and probably received, five thousand dollars, caused her to feel great concern on his account, and she could not retire without seeing him. Long after every member of the household, except her son, was locked in slumber, she sat in anxious expectation, or walked the floor of her room with a troubled spirit; or stood, hushing her breath, at the window, listening for the sound of his well-known footsteps. It was one of the saddest nights she had ever spent. She felt that her son stood upon the brink of a wildly-rushing river, and in imminent danger of being swept away by the all-conquering flood. How feeble were her hands! Yet she felt that she must clutch after him, and hold him back from ruin, if that were possible.

It was nearly two o'clock when Charles came

home. He entered with his night-key, ascended the stairs, and was passing the room of his mother, when the door opened and she stood before him.

"You are late to-night, my son," she said, in a kind, but grave voice.

He tried to pass her, but she laid her hand on his arm.

"Come into my room, Charles, I have something to say to you."

The young man followed his mother as she stepped back into her chamber. Drawing him to a sofa, she sat down beside him, and looked earnestly into his face, the stronger light of her room enabling her to examine it closely. He did not meet her steady, searching glances, but looked past her, and tried to avert his countenance.

"Charles," Mrs. Raynor spoke in an impressive manner, "you were twenty-one to-day; but I am still your mother, and more interested in your welfare than any other human soul can possibly be. And now, may I take a mother's privilege, and ask where you have been to-day, and what you have done with the five thousand dollars you received from Mr. H——?"

The manner of Charles became instantly excited. He started from the sofa, and replied in an impatient voice.

"I do not care to be questioned in this style, mother! I had use for that sum of money, and have disposed of it in an honorable way."

"In that case, Charles, there is no reason why you should hesitate about satisfying me in regard to the way."

"Well, I don't choose to satisfy you," answered the young man, rather sharply, and showing still greater disturbance of manner; "and you might as well understand, once for all, that I don't mean to be catechised or lectured, or interfered with. I'm old enough, it strikes me, to know my own business, and manage my own affairs."

Mrs. Raynor's face grew very pale, and she caught her breath several times in a choking way. For some moments the mother and son sat very still; then the latter arose, and without a word, passed from the chamber and went to his own apartment. As he left her room, the mother sank upon her knees, and bending down low upon the sofa, covered her face with her hands. An hour passed, and she still crouched there, like one who had fallen asleep; but her soul was too full of fear and pain for the opiate of slumber. Almost wildly she

prayed for her son, until the very bitterness of her agony paralyzed her mind, and she sank into a dull, heart-aching stupor, in which she took scarcely a note of the passing time. Morning found her lying across her bed, asleep.

When the mother and son met at breakfast time a barrier of reserve had been thrown up between them. Mrs. Raynor tried to cast it down, but Charles held it firmly in its place. He was a man, now, coming into possession of a fortune, which he meant to use as his own judgment and inclination dictated; he wished no interference from any one, not even from his mother. Mrs. Raynor tried to renew the conversation of the night before, but he affected not to understand her; and when she pressed the subject, he threw her off impatiently.

Thus it was that Charles Raynor started in life with his legacy of sixty thousand dollars. There were many who thought him a most fortunate young man. Whether this was so or not the sequel will prove.

"Twenty-five to-day," said Edward Strong, looking across the table at his mother and sister. It was evening, and they were sitting in a neatly furnished room. The mother and sister were sewing; Edward had been reading. The house they occupied was not that old, unattractive one from which we saw a funeral pass more than ten years ago, but a pleasant dwelling of larger size and ample accommodations.

Mrs. Strong raised her eyes, and looked fondly across the table at her son.

"How fast the years go by," she said.

"Twenty-five! it seems but yesterday that you were a boy."

"I expect a visitor to-night," said Edward.

"Who?" was inquired.

"Mr. Campbell. As I was coming away this evening, he asked me where I lived, saying that he wished to have some conversation with me on a matter of business, and would call around."

Just then the bell rung. In a few moments word was brought to Edward that a gentleman was down stairs and wished to see him. It was Mr. Campbell.

"You have a very pleasant house, Edward," said his employer, as he took the young man's hand.

"Yes, sir; we live very comfortably."

"How is your mother?"

"In very good health, I thank you, sir."

There was a pause for a few moments, when Mr. Campbell said,

"I'm about making some changes in my business, which has increased so much of late, that its management has become very burdensome; and I must lay some of my cares on other and younger shoulders. Mr. Hewitt, my oldest salesman, has been with me since he was a boy, and has always shown himself true to my interests. You have also been with me since you were a boy, and have also shown yourself true to my interests. I now propose to unite you and Mr. Hewitt with me in business. I have already conversed with him on the subject, and now open the subject to you. He will have entire charge of the selling department; and you, if you enter the firm, of the manufacturing department. How does the matter strike you?"

"And you're really in earnest, sir?" Edward could hardly believe that he heard aright.

"Altogether in earnest," replied Mr. Campbell. "You can turn the matter over in your mind, and give me an answer at your earliest convenience."

"It needs no turning over, sir," was Edward's frankly spoken answer. "No deliberation. I say yes, without an instant's hesitation."

"Then the matter is settled as to the fact," said Mr. Campbell; "and we have only to arrange the terms of co-partnership. In a few days I will prepare a basis, when we can all meet and come to a full understanding."

When Mr. Campbell retired, and Edward went up stairs, his mother and sister met him with inquiring words, as well as inquiring faces.

"What did Mr. Campbell want?" was asked, with undisguised interest.

Edward took his place at the table, and looking across it at his mother, said, while his whole countenance lit up with a pleasure that he could not suppress,

"As you would never for a moment imagine the good fortune that has come to my door, I will tell you. Mr. Campbell has offered me an interest in his business. I am to be a partner."

"Oh, Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Strong, her face flushing with pride and joy. "This is indeed good fortune. I could have asked nothing better for you than this. But, what to me is best of all, is the fact that you have so honestly and patiently worked your way to this position. That the good name your father left you has never in a single instance been tarnished; that our family heir-loom is as bright to-day, as when it passed into your keeping. It was a richer legacy than gold,

that may be scattered in a day; but this will endure forever."

A different scene from this was passing in the house of Mrs. Raynor. That unhappy mother sat before her elegant rose-wood escritoire, with her face buried in her hands, and an open letter lying beside her. She had been weeping; but the wild turbulence of her feelings had subsided, and she was now pondering sadly the contents of this letter, and trying to decide as to her duty. Slowly removing her hands, and lifting herself up, she took the letter, and read the few lines it contained, for the third time. It was dated New Orleans, and ran briefly thus,—

"DEAR MOTHER:

"Send me two hundred dollars immediately. I am sick, and out of funds, and I wish to get home. Don't fail, mother.

"Affectionately, your son,

"CHARLES."

"I sent him three hundred dollars a month ago," murmured Mrs. Raynor, as she held the letter before her eyes. "But there he is still; the money all wasted. If I send him more, it will be spent in dissipation, or at the gaming table, which has already swallowed up every dollar of his fortune."

At this moment the door opened, and the daughter of Mrs. Raynor came in. She held a letter in her hand.

"I have a letter from Charles, mother," she said, "and I want to talk with you about it."

The eyes of the young girl were wet, and her countenance depressed and troubled.

"You a letter from Charles, Agnes?" Mrs. Raynor spoke in a tone of surprise. "When did you receive it?"

"To-day."

"What does he want?"

"Money."

"And from you?" said Mrs. Raynor, with increased surprise. "How much does he want?"

"A thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars, Agnes!"

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

"He wished me to keep the letter a secret from you; but, I fear I have already kept his secrets too long. From first to last, I have sent him over ten thousand dollars."

"Why, Agnes!" The color that had come into the face of Mrs. Raynor, faded away, and she looked at her daughter with parted lips and brows contracted with pain. "Ten thousand dollars!" She repeated the words in

blank astonishment. "Why did you keep this from me, my child?"

"Only because he desired it. I knew it was wrong."

"Does Mr. H—— know of this?"

"No. He often questioned me about my large drafts of money; but I did not give him any satisfaction."

"May I see your brother's letter?" asked Mrs. Raynor.

Agnes handed her mother the letter, who opened it and read,—

"DEAR SISTER:

"I must trespass once more on your generous kindness. Send me a thousand dollars without fail, immediately. I shall start, the moment I receive it, with a company of traders for Santa Fé. I have a warm friend in the company—a generous, noble fellow—with whom I am going into business, on arriving out. It is a rare opportunity, and I must not lose it, as I certainly shall, unless I receive from you the necessary funds for an outfit. Don't fail me, now, dear Agnes! Everything is at stake. A new life is opening before me—new prospects, new aims—a new sphere of action. I have seen my folly, and am resolved to recover all that I have lost. You have been a dear, good sister, and I will soon pay back all your many favors. Be sure to keep this from mother, and send the money without fail.

"CHARLES."

Mrs. Raynor sat for some time, after reading this letter, without speaking or moving. Then, looking up at her daughter, she said,

"How long is it since you sent Charles money?"

"About four weeks."

"How much did you send him then?"

"A thousand dollars."

"It can't be possible, Agnes!"

Mrs. Raynor looked bewildered. "I sent him three hundred dollars a month ago, and now he writes for two hundred more, saying he is sick, and anxious to get home."

"Oh, mother!" ejaculated Agnes, clasping her hands together, and looking as pale, distressed, and bewildered as her mother. "Has he then become so lost to truth and honor?"

Mrs. Raynor made no answer, but her head sunk slowly on her bosom, and she sat for some time like one stupefied by a blow.

"What is to be done?" said Agnes, after a long silence.

"Nothing, until we have had a consultation with Mr. H——," replied the mother.

"Send him no more money," was the injunction of Mr. H——, when the matter was laid before him for consideration.

"But, what can I say to him?" inquired the anxious Mrs. Raynor. "He writes to me that he is sick, and asks for money to bring him home."

"And he writes to your daughter that he is going to Santa Fé," said Mr. H——. "The case is clear, that he is not sick. It is only a ruse to get money for evil purposes. If you comply with his wishes, you will waste your money, and do him an injury. Write to him plainly, as only a mother can, and should write to her son. Let him know that you have discovered the double game he has been playing, and rebuke him severely for his dishonorable conduct. Depend upon it, madam, a resolute bearing on your part will be best for him. There should be no temporizing, no sign of weakness, no appearance of anything but stern indignation at his falsehood and baseness. Pardon me for speaking so plainly."

"Mr. H—— is right," said Agnes, in a firm tone. "To send him money, is like pouring it into a sieve. He has spent all his own fortune recklessly and riotously, and has commenced spending ours in the same way."

"The simple truth," remarked Mr. H. "Take my advice, and either write to him in stern denial and rebuke, or remain wholly silent. Throw him upon his own resources, and let him earn his living as an honest man. Withhold from him the money he demands, and his false friends and evil associates will drop from him like leaves from a frost-touched tree. Such an abandonment will be a blessing. It would remove him in a degree from a charmed circle, or rather a whirling vortex, in whose centre is the pit of destruction. Necessity will force him to some useful employment, and in that lies our only hope."

Acting upon the suggestion of Mr. H——, Mrs. Raynor wrote a plain, rebuking letter to Charles, denying him any further advances of money. With anxious suspense she waited for an answer to this letter, a thousand vague fears haunting her imagination. Her son was in a strange city, without money, without friends, and without skill in any useful work. How then was he sustain himself? What then could he do in the way of earning his own livelihood? Might not this abandonment drive him to desperation—to crime? A low shudder crept through the mother's heart, as she thought thus in regard to her son,

"I fear," she said to her daughter, as she

sat with the one thought of Charles in her mind, "that we have done wrong in following so closely the advice of Mr. H. If your brother is without money, and among strangers, what is he to do? How is he to help himself? What if he should do some desperate act? I shudder to think of it! The thought haunted me all through the night. I could not have slept an hour."

Just then the door-bell rung, and the mother and daughter listened in silence, while a servant answered the summons. They did not hear the door shut again after it was opened, but the servant's steps came back along the hall, showing that a messenger was in waiting for an answer. He came in holding a letter in his hand, and said, as he handed it to Mrs. Raynor,

"A dispatch, ma'am, and the boy wishes to know if there is an answer."

A death-like paleness overspread the face of Mrs. Raynor, as she caught eagerly the missive, and opened it with hands that trembled like aspen-leaves. There was a moment of breathless suspense; then, with a cry of anguish, Mrs. Raynor fell back in her chair, lost to all present consciousness. As the dispatch fell from her hands, Agnes caught it up and read it at a glance. Her brother was dead. A pistol shot had ended his feverish life, though by whose hands the fatal ball had reached his heart, the communication did not say. But the sorrowful truth came too soon—he had fallen by his own rash hand. Thus the legacy of his father had proved to him a curse, instead of a blessing. If he had received with it right principles, a carefully trained mind, and habits of industry, his wealth might have been the means of happiness to himself and usefulness to others. But money without these was to him, as it is to all others like him, a power for evil instead of good.

Is there any question as to which of the two legacies was best; any question in the mind of the young man, who has the world all before him, with only his strong hands, clear head and honest purposes, by which to reach its high places; any question in the mind of the father, whose love for his children prompts him to seek their highest good? There can be none!

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best medicine.

COME AND GO.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.

Two years have passed; and I, who sit here, sheltered by the tenderest love of which the heart of woman ever dreamed, in a home, about which broods, like morning and evening twilight, the serene atmosphere of perfect peace and affection—I, sitting here, look off still with sickness of heart and shuddering of soul to those two years whose faces rise up before me, clad in sackcloth and ashes; those two years of such struggle with poverty and suffering, that death for me and those I loved was what I oftenest longed for, and the prayer was held back nightly from my lips by the thought that no mortals have a right to offer it.

We had removed to the city, and my aunt had disposed of her little home in Woodford, but there was a mortgage on the property, and a thousand dollars only fell to her share. This barely sufficed to defray the expenses of our removal, and furnish our house with second-hand furniture.

I had returned from my two months' residence at the "Water-cure," considerably improved in health. Doctor Williams opposed, very strenuously, my leaving, and at last, getting some inkling of the state of my finances, invited me to remain through the summer.

But I knew that it would be absolutely necessary that I should be on hand to supervise our removal, for my aunt was not a business woman, and I was obliged to decline the doctor's kind invitation.

It was very hard to leave Woodford, for the quiet old country village was full of pleasant memories and associations to us, and our hearts often pined with home-sickness for the green hills and the singing birds of the country. God must have given us courage, or our spirits would have failed utterly in the trials which accompanied that removal.

We had rented a house in the upper part of the city, but our knowledge of New York life was very limited, and there was no strong arm and manly heart to shield us from the vampires who seemed to lie in wait on all sides, ready to drink our life blood.

We had a miserable time getting settled, but though we had paid the rent five months in advance, on the repeated assurances of the landlord that the house should be in entire readiness for our reception the tenth day of September, we reached it the thirteenth, worn out in body and depressed in spirits, to find

that the family who had previously occupied it had only partially removed their furniture.

Of course, there was no legal redress for women and children, as I had signed a lease which placed me completely at the mercy of the heartless owner of the premises, trusting entirely to his honor to fulfill the verbal contract which he had made.

The house had to undergo a thorough renovation from loft to cellar, and three weeks were consumed in papering and painting, and putting water pipes in order, during which time unusually cold weather alternated with long rains, while we were obliged to sit shivering with open windows, every corner of our house invaded by half a dozen workmen, some of whom, seeing our helpless and unprotected situation, were as rude and insolent as others were considerate and obliging.

Of course, we all took severe colds, for the inmates of the alms house and penitentiary were in much more comfortable lodgings than we. My oldest brother, who was only sixteen, a slender, fragile boy, strained himself so severely in lifting furniture, that he expectorated blood several times, and I was confined for a month to my room, with a severe attack of lung fever, induced by the cold and exposure which I had undergone.

But my heart fails before these sickening details. Delicate and timid women in a strange city, their only resource—"taking boarders for a living"—surely my pen need draw no other picture of all we endured.

We advertised for boarders, and we had hosts of applicants. My aunt was not accustomed to the business, and not fitted by nature to be the landlady of a boarding-house. We took the best which offered on the lowest possible terms.

In a few instances we had kind, generous, considerate people, who endeavored to make us as little inconvenience as possible, and who were willing to pay fairly and honorably for what they received. But these were surely the exceptions. A nature must be broad and generous whose soul the constant wear and friction of city life does not make narrow and selfish, and during those two years I had instances enough furnished me of the meanness and greed, the arrogance and pettiness of human nature, to supply me with subjects for a lifetime of writing.

They were our boarders, and we were dependent upon them. That was sufficient—we were the victims of all sorts of annoyances, and insults, and exactions. We were obliged

to treat with courtesy at our table, and in our parlor, people from the very contact of whose coarseness and vulgarity we should otherwise have shrunk.

My aunt did the best she could amid the cares and anxieties which daily broke down her spirits and her health.

Grace and Louisa (my fair little sisters) were too young to bear any of this burden, and we placed them in the high school as early as possible.

My health had never quite rallied from the shock of that lung fever, and an attempt to write during these two years was almost certain to throw me into an intense nervous headache, which prostrated me for days.

So I gave up all the sweet dreams of fame which had filled up the years of my youth, and oh, I gave up later visions, sweeter and fairer than these.

My aunt was a good housekeeper, but this is by no means the only essential element in a boarding-house mistress, and she lacked that sharp eye for a bargain, that business tact and acuteness which are absolutely necessary to one's success in this business. We were cheated and deceived, more or less, by our butchers and grocers, and nervous and shrinking, the little, pale, soft-voiced woman found it easier to be imposed upon than to assert, with undismayed front, her own rights. Of course, it was a constant struggle to make "both ends meet." What I suffered those two years, day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, with my lost health, my tortured nerves, with my uncongenial associations—what I suffered through arrogance from one whom I justly despised, and familiarities from another, whose character, with equal justice, I loathed—through petty jealousy, and coarseness, and selfishness, what I suffered—God knows!

But as I said, two years had passed. It was a fair autumnal afternoon, the first day of November, and the sky wore the serene, prayerful smile of prophecy and departure on its face, as it looked down on us, over the long lines of high brick houses which flanked the street.

I sat by the back chamber window, in the third story of our house, and the sunshine scattered itself in loving smiles along my paper, and over my swift, flying fingers, as I bent over my work, utterly absorbed in the tale I was finishing.

After two years the old utterance had come back to me for the first time. The autumn

had always been my golden harvest of work, and in the serene atmosphere which clothed in shining garments its sweet, still days, my fancies had always shaken their wings, and scattered themselves abroad like flocks of birds, and sang songs to my soul which my pen gathered up in story and rhyme.

It was the season, too, which brought most of rest and healing to my nerves, and I remember with what gladness my pen followed my quick thoughts, as I sat by the third story window that autumn afternoon.

And he lay there too, and watched me, my brother Alfred, with his large eyes of a shifting blue-gray, and the deep flush in his white cheeks not coming and going as children's do in their sleep, but steady, and deep, and bright, as you have seen a crimson drop stain the heart of some snowy flower.

He was just beyond his eighteenth birthday, but you would hardly have believed this, looking at the thin, boyish, beautiful face, about which were scattered the flakes of rich brown hair, mounted with sunlight.

He was a silent, studious boy, with the gentle heart and the large brain which makes a man good and great. All my yearning hopes, all my fairest dreams, clustered about that boy, Alfred English. No physiognomist could have looked at that beetling forehead, or the thin, finely cut lips, without knowing that beneath them kindled the fires which men call Genius.

But he had the susceptible nervous organization which usually accompanies such temperaments, and the active mind always made too heavy drafts on his delicate physique.

It had been his intention to enter college that fall, and incredible as it may seem, he had passed the examinations, and was ready for the Junior class. But he had studied night and day to accomplish this, and in our blindness, and the care and anxiety which came to walk with us every day, we had not observed that he was wearing out his life until the day on which he returned from his examination at New Haven, when he had fainted in the hall, and ever since this had been unable to leave his room.

But he did not complain often, nor suffer much pain, only he seemed to have a slow fever, and we said he wanted rest, and would be better in a few days, and a smile, beautiful as a girl's, would rise and wander about his thin lips, as he would answer "Yes, I want rest."

But it had struck me, two or three days be-

fore, that he was growing thin all the time, and there was a look in his face which troubled me, and while I sat watching him, with some vague fears dawning in my heart, the plot of a new story had suddenly risen up in my soul, and stood out clear and luminous before me, and I had written for the last two days, scarcely giving myself time for rest or sleep.

"There, Alfred!" laying down my pen with a sigh of relief, "I've finished my story, and I never wrote a better one. That'll bring me at least forty dollars, and now I shall send right off for Doctor Lee, and find-out just what ails you."

"You are a good sister, Constance. Come here and sit by me."

And I went and sat down on a low stool by the lounge.

"Does he feel strong this afternoon—my darling boy?" pushing away the flakes of hair, and a pain striking my heart to see how pale his face was.

"Not much, Constance. I can't imagine what it is that ails me. I don't suffer any pain to speak of, but this morning I tried to walk across the room, and I fell down before I'd gotten half way."

"Why, Al! why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, because I knew you were busy, and I didn't like to trouble Aunt Abbie."

"Well, we must send for Doctor Lee at once, and he'll have you up in a few days."

"I hope so, Constance," and the boy wound his long, thin fingers amongst mine; "but sometimes I think, that after all my struggles to get into college this fall, I shall never get there—it will never be any better with me."

"Don't, don't, Al," putting up my hands to ward off what seemed a heavy blow that struck me. "Nonsense! you're just low spirited because you've studied so hard, and all you want is a little petting and nursing, which you shall have for the next week, for I expect to live to see you an old man, wearing laurels which will make me proud to call you 'Alfred, my brother!'"

He looked up at me with such a sweet, yearning smile in those wonderful eyes of his, that I had to crush back the tears from mine.

"You have been my joy and comfort always, Constance," he said, "and it was the thought of you wearing away your life here which stimulated me to study beyond my strength. I wanted to get you, and our little sisters, and Harry, and aunty, out of this terrible place, and the way seemed to open for this when Tutor Adams secured me that fine situation

where I could give private lessons in Latin and Greek, so that I could pay my expenses for two years through college, and then——"

The long lashes drooped over his eyes, as though some vision rose and stood fair and luminous beyond that, and then——

"Well, darling?"

"I had resolved to take charge of an academy as soon as I graduated, and you should have the ladies' department, and Grace, who would be fifteen then, was to manage the small classes. We could rent a house in the country cheap, and aunty could, doubtless, get a few children to board, and if otherwise, a thousand a year would support the family, and you and I could make this."

"Oh, Al! what a delightful plan!" the tears loosening themselves in a quick shower over my face. "And we shall have a little cosy country home, and live so happily, if we can once get away from here, and my heart is famishing for a sight of the still, green fields, and the songs of the birds once more."

"And now, you see what hope has held me up, when I have studied through the whole night——"

"You haven't done that!"

"It slipped out before I thought, but it isn't the study, after all, which has brought me here."

"Studied all night, Alfred!" not heeding his last remark.

"Don't think about *that*, Constance. I could have borne it well enough if it hadn't been for that terrible wrench which I gave myself two years ago, lifting that furniture, and the cold I took while the house was being repaired."

"It was all that wicked landlord's doings. Oh, how will he answer to God for that work when he stands where his greed of gold will rise up and curse him."

"God knows, Constance; but it is my solemn belief that his foul conduct at that time will be the means of laying all of us, years earlier, in our graves."

"And it is mine. Grace and Lu have never been as strong since they took those terrible colds, and it completely broke aunty down."

"Perhaps I ought to tell you," speaking in a low tone, more to himself than to me.

"Ought to tell me what?" seating myself on the lounge, and drawing his hand into my lap.

"Don't be frightened, Constance. You are such a nervous, timid little thing, I hate to tell you."

"Be quick, Al."

"Well, I have had occasional seasons of expectorating blood ever since *that* time. Don't look at me so. It was probably some slight artery that was broken."

"And you never told me?"

"How could I, when I looked in your face?"

I sat still, palsied for a moment with a terrible fear; then I rose up and put his head back with my trembling hands.

"Alfred, I shall send for Doctor Lee this minute."

As I spoke, my aunt entered the room. She was a little, worn, pale, sad-faced woman, whose years were slipping toward fifty.

"What do you think has happened now, children?" she said, sinking into a chair, with a voice full of trouble and alarm.

"I don't know, I'm sure, aunty."

"Well, Mr. Ayres has run off and not paid his board. It was over a hundred dollars, and all my dependence for the rent. I promised it to the landlord to-day, and he threatened, through his boy, to sue me to-morrow if it was not ready for him."

"It can't be possible Mr. Ayres has gone, aunty! he was such a polite, intelligent gentleman, and I always thought him so honorable!"

"So did I, and let his board run on just to oblige him. But he's certainly run off, for everything has disappeared from his closet, and Biddy says she heard steps go softly down the back stairs late last night, and he probably hired somebody to remove his trunk."

"What is to be done?" I asked.

My aunt was not fitted to meet any sudden conjunction of troubles with calmness; she had neither that strength of will nor elasticity of temperament which renders one equal to great emergencies; trouble overwhelmed, crushed her.

"Yes, children, what is to be done?" wringing her hands in her despair, and pacing up and down the room. "We shall all be turned into the street, and not have a place in which to lay our heads. Oh, if we had never come to this horrible city!"

A dull, heavy sound caused us both to turn our heads suddenly. Alfred had fallen to the floor, and lay there in strong convulsions.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come, now, Alfred, do try and eat this broth. Doctor Lee says that everything depends upon your taking nourishment, and you don't eat enough to keep a good sized canary alive."

The invalid looked languidly at the china bowl which I placed before him.

"Well, I'll try to, Constance, but it's so hard to force food down when one has no appetite."

"And see what Mrs. Lee has just sent here for you. But you mustn't have it until you've eaten every spoonful of that broth."

He reached out his hands with a cry of greedy delight, as I held before the boy the exquisitely wrought basket of woodland mosses, filled with rare blossoms arranged with such artistic grace that the eye of a poet would have reveled in them.

A couple of camelias opened their snowy bosoms in the centre, and about these blossoms of honeysuckle shook their slender bells of yellow and crimson, and chains of purple verbenas trailed themselves about moss rose buds, which were opening their fragrant, blushing lips amid dark velvet leaves.

"Isn't that an inspiration, Alfred?"

"Yes," drinking in its beauty with his eyes, "I dreamt about such flowers all last night, but I thought they grew—" he glanced upward.

And the glance cut my heart like a sword.

"Well, these didn't. They grew in the gardens of this world, where one of these days you shall find plenty more of just such ones."

He leaned back his head on the pillow. Then he gave a quick, nervous glance toward the door. "Isn't somebody coming, Constance?"

"Oh, no—why, you were always so brave, Al, and now to be scared like Gracie or Lu at the sound of a footstep!"

"Well, I didn't know but the landlord might have sent an officer to turn us into the street."

"Pshaw! I thought you were too wise for any such whims."

"You know what aunty said, though?"

"I know she's a nervous old woman, who, when she gets a little tired or fidgety is quite apt to say a great many things that she doesn't really mean."

"But he's such a hard-hearted man."

"Well, as we don't owe him a dollar for rent, and as we've paid him regularly for two years, three months in advance, I don't think he'd be disposed to do us any harm, even if it were in his power."

He sank back on his pillow, soothed and quieted for the time. I did not, in any wise, comprehend what all this nervous tremor and agitation portended. But the shock which my

aunt's entrance and story had occasioned my brother in his feeble state, had been almost too much for his reason.

We were in constant dread of his falling into fresh convulsions, and had to soothe and pacify the proud, brave boy, like a feeble little child.

He lay still, for awhile, opening and shutting his eyes, or gazing at the basket of flowers, which I had placed close to the lounge; and I tried to think that his face had only grown sharp and thin, and of a deathly pallor, because of his nervous prostration.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you." What a sweet promise that is, Constance, and then we shall never have to pay rent for those homes, and we who have been poor on earth know what blessed meaning is in those words."

"Yes, we know, Alfred!" and I sat down and caressed his bronze hair, with the tears dripping fast on my fingers.

"What makes you cry, Constance?"

"Because you talk so."

"Because I talk so of Heaven? Our father and mother are there."

"I know it, but we want you here. Oh, Alfred, I can't let you go," and I hugged him close to me with a kind of frantic tenderness.

"If I do go, Constance, I shall have no fear."

"No fear to die?"

"None at all—none at all."

I could not answer him, for it seemed that my heart was nigh to breaking; and I looked down on him and thought how his life was just opening into his early manhood, full of strength and promise, as the year is in May, when the springs are loosened and the time of the singing of birds has come, and the green leaves open their beryl fluting along the branches through all the land. I thought of all this, and then I put the thought away with a prayer—"Be merciful unto us, oh God!"

God had been to me, or I could never have gone through with the last three days; but every other trial had been swallowed up in my anxiety for Alfred. I had established myself nurse by his sick bed, and I had maintained a bright, hopeful exterior all this time. As for the rent, I had scarcely given it a thought, until the third morning after Alfred's severe illness, when my aunt informed me that the landlord had sent round again for the rent, and protested that he should that day take measures to secure it if it was not paid, as he was quite tired of waiting.

I had, however, little fear of his executing his threats, knowing that we had paid him regularly in advance, and that we yet were owing him nothing, and I accordingly advised my aunt to call on the man that morning, state the whole circumstances, and assure him that at the end of the month he should receive the money due him, as this was the earliest moment that she could obtain it from her half-dozen boarders.

"Well, madam, have you got that rent ready for me?" said Mr. Hughes, in his sharp, blustering way, as my aunt entered his office.

He was a short, thin man, beyond forty, with a cold, harsh face, written all over with lines which greed and avarice had made there, and he had that shrewd, calculating expression which men of his calibre and business morality usually carry.

My aunt told her story in a few words, and requested the landlord to wait until the close of the month, when he should receive his payments.

She was a woman friendless and alone; he knew that by her fluttering voice, her faded cheek, her timid manner, and what did he care for her sorrows, with his face of brass and his heart of stone?

"Can't wait another day, madam. I must have my rent when it's due—that's all."

"But, sir, there is no possible way for me to raise it, now this man has run off without paying me."

"I'm not responsible for that. Your niece is an authoress. Let her pay the rent if you can't."

The words stung my aunt, and she turned and said sternly—"My niece has been an invalid for two years, sir, in consequence of the condition in which we found your house, after your repeated promises that it should be in order for us when we reached the city."

"Do you mean, madam," with a sneer, but growing very red in the face, "that your niece's illness was in any wise owing to my not having the house ready in time?"

"Certainly I do—entirely to that, as was the sickness of all the rest of my family," answered the now thoroughly aroused little woman.

He had not counted on her showing so much spirit.

"I haven't time to listen, madam, to any cant of this kind—I want my rent!" bringing his hand down, with a great deal of emphasis, on his table.

"I have told you the best that I can do. If you insist upon having the money now, knowing the circumstances of the case, and all the suffering your violated word has caused us, we must move, that is all."

"I shall be happy to have you, madam, but your niece signed the lease"—with a sardonic smile—"I have her there, and if that rent isn't forthcoming before night, I shall get out a writ of ejectment to-morrow, and after that is served the law will allow you short space to keep the premises."

"Well, sir, if you have the conscience to turn a poor woman into the street, with three delicate girls, and an almost dying boy, you can do it," and she left the office without waiting for the man's reply.

But what did he care for the living or the dying? He wanted his money, and so he had that, we might all have perished on the sidewalks, for any pity or concern of his.

And while my aunt had this interview with the landlord, I had another with Doctor Lee in the parlor. He was a man who stood very high in the medical profession, and though more than fifty years had sown their gray hairs in his locks, they had not hardened his heart or dimmed the kindly warmth of his smile.

Alfred and I had felt drawn toward him from the first, and we had an instinctive assurance that he liked us, on account of the long visits which he made every morning to the invalid, telling him all kinds of amusing stories, and sending him flowers from his wife's conservatory, with a kind of fatherly interest.

"Now, doctor, you will tell me just what you think of my brother? You don't consider him dangerous?"

The physician had carefully avoided expressing his opinion of his patient, but this morning I was determined to probe it.

"My child," he said, looking at me with a kind of sorrowful smile, "I always dislike to have a woman ask me a question of this kind. I can meet a man's a great deal more bravely, especially when she comes with a look like yours in her eyes."

"Doctor, I believe you are a good man, and that you won't deceive me. Tell me the worst," laying my hand on his arm, for he was drawing on his gloves.

"I believe that it is always best that one should be prepared when the blow is likely to fall suddenly. My child, I should have been called earlier to your brother!"

I understood him then, and staggered against the door. I have a faint remembrance of the doctor's drawing me to the sofa, and trying to speak words of encouragement and comfort to me; but I didn't hear what he said, neither did I hear my aunt, when she met me, immediately after the doctor had taken leave, and related her interview with the landlord.

"What is to be done?" she concluded, and I turned and smiled in her face.

She started back aghast. "Constance, what has happened to you?"

And I told her all the doctor had said. Poor woman! she thought no more of the rent that day.

And I went back softly to his room. He lay there, sleeping quietly, only with short, uneven breath, and the soft autumn sunshine dripped its golden light all about him, and the thin outlines of the beautiful, transparent face, broke up sharp from the pillow.

His life was full of early blossoms, and the winds would shake them all down, as they shook the apple blossoms in May, and my love and my prayers could not save him, my brother, that I was so proud of—my brother that I loved so—my brother, whose bright head must be covered up with the white linen which the snows of another winter would weave over it.

I stood still by his bedside and thought of all this. I made no sign—my lips uttered no cry, but the voice of my heart went up to God—*"How long, oh Lord, how long?"*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY ELIZABETH.

It is a beautiful bright day in early spring-time—the trees are laden with flowers—the rich green grass waves luxuriantly—the air is filled with melody—all earth seems heaven-born—so bright, so glad and happy—yet my heart is sad, inexpressibly sad. Why is it that beautiful nature makes us feel this heart-aching, this soul-yearning? Is it because these short-lived beauties are typical of our heavenly home, and God makes us feel a desolateness within to draw us away from them to Him? With these feelings I bowed over the grave where my mother slept, ah, how peacefully! And does she know, I thought, the struggles and pain her poor child has to endure? Oh my mother, could I but once again lay my aching head upon thy bosom, and weep away the grief that will often come into my poor heart; could I pour into thy willing ear all my

sorrows, and feel thee bend over me in sympathizing love, how would it help to lighten this earth-burden, and centre all my hopes in Heaven!

In the afternoon I made several calls. There is nothing makes one feel so satisfied, so thankful for his own blessings, as to witness the trials of others. I had entered but one house, when I thought, I will go home content; my cross is easier for me to wear than theirs would be. I may be misunderstood, misrepresented; I may have to toil in weariness and pain—my cross may have many little thorns, but let me take it again and thankfully wear it—

"No longer can I unbelieving say—
Perhaps another is a better way—

Ah no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so, what'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best—because He knows the end."

One poor woman, a paralytic, who is seldom able to leave her house, grasped me warmly by the hand, as she said, "I am so glad to see you." Speaking of the comfort she had derived from reading, she said, "I cannot listen to reading, and I am losing my ability to read by myself—it is a great privation. I could pass many otherwise tedious hours pleasantly with my book." She was also losing her speech, so that it was difficult to understand many of her words. "Oh, I am a poor, helpless cripple," she sighed, "but it won't last long; when I lie down at night, I do not know that I shall be here in the morning; I long for my release. Nineteen years I have suffered in this way, and only one year—the last—have I felt anxious and ready to depart. Life has lost its charms; the bright hopes of my early life are gone; but they are laid up in Heaven."

I made several other calls, but in no place did I find a happier home than my own. In one, a consumptive, was surrounded by adverse circumstances; in another, was an irritable wife and harsh mother—the cross a loving husband had to carry; in the third, a weary daughter laboring early and late to support an imbecile mother; the fourth was a large family of wayward children, with a chaffy, frivolous father, and hard working, careworn mother. In the last place, I found a woman who was oppressed by ill health and hard labor, having several small children dependent upon her. In reply to the question if she were fond of reading, she said, "Oh yes, indeed, but we have very few books, and those I have read over and over again—and we are too poor to

take any papers;—oh yes, when I feel sad and discouraged, there is nothing helps me look to the bright side sooner than a good book! I know I ought to be thankful for the blessings I have; there are those all around me, whose privations are greater than mine. I find all of us have our trials—not alike—but everybody has something.”

Now, let me return to my own little brown cottage nestled among its green leaves—let me take the loving ones who dwell there, closer home to my heart; and while I labor and struggle through life, carrying the memory of other burden-bearers and a prayer for their aid about with me, let me ever thank God, without murmuring, for the trials He sends, as well as for the blessings He pours upon me, desiring that these may help to bring me, at last, to a happy home and the dear ones who have gone before.

THE BACKWOODS FINE LADY.

BY MRS. M. S. WHITAKER.

“ROSELVINA, be a budgin, and git us a warm fire in no time! Tell Tom to bring in black-jack, mind—I wont have water-oak, it's too long a-ketchin. Stir, Roselvina, I say. You be sharp at movin', and folks is dreadful cold!”

Roselvina, thus addressed, was a black girl about thirteen years of age, small and mischievous looking, with remarkably sharp, black eyes, short forehead, thick lips, and alertness of motion peculiar to herself. She nodded familiarly on receiving her mistress' orders, and skipped out of the room before that lady had concluded her endless directions with regard to the fire. Then, half sliding down a lofty flight of steps, she ran into the kitchen, exclaiming,

“Uncle Tom, Missis say fetch black-jack wood in de parlor; dere be fire in de hall now, but she jist want to show dem trabelers in de house how fine de parlor be, I reckon.”

“Shet up, Miss,” returned Tom, a staid serving-man, “shet up! you is too pert and sassy, and has too much to say.”

“Missis larn me dat, Uncle Tom. 'Tis cause I hears her always a-talkin I 'steems talkin to be good.”

“Shet up,” again said Tom, with emphasis, as he took up his wood, and walked deliberately into the parlor. Roselvina followed, and in a few moments a blazing fire went crackling up the chimney. The girl stationed herself on one side of the hearth, and silently

made her observations on all that was passing, occasionally adding a bit of light-wood to the fire.

The room presented a fine example of the combined effect of wealth and vulgarity. Its walls were covered with costly paper, and adorned with coarse, glaring prints, set in rich frames. The carpet was flowered over with intertwined roses and tulips—its texture was fine, indeed; to say truth, it was a handsome carpet, but several painted pinewood benches spoiled its effect. There were two luxurious velvet rocking-chairs, which brought out, by force of contrast, the rude manufacture of an oaken one, with a seat of undressed hide, most unfortunately placed in juxtaposition with its elegant neighbors. The chimney furniture was of polished brass, but the rug before it was home-made, woven with slips of blue and red homespun. There was a superb piano against the wall, and a coarse New England clock over the mantle-piece.

The mistress of the mansion sat opposite the fire, the clear blaze of which, aided by that of several tallow candles, fully revealed the portly form and assured face of good Mrs. Blount, now a widow, in full possession of a large estate, upward of forty years of age, but bearing lightly the marks of time. Her hair, slightly gray, was drawn back from a forehead neither high nor low, but flat; her nose was hooked, like the beak of a hawk; her lips were thin, and the distance from her upper lip to the end of her chin was very small, yet the chin protruded, and ended in a sharp point; her eyes were leaden blue, and did not lack expression; when she laughed, they were very pleasant eyes, but this did not happen often. Her life-long habits of industry clung to her at all times, and, even as she sat there, her knitting-needles were briskly plied. Her dress was of dark calico, her apron of silk. She wore around her neck a barred cotton handkerchief, fastened by a huge brooch set with pearl, and her cap was truly ancient in its cut. There was something matronly and respectable in her adherence to the style of a head-dress in vogue twenty years ago—at least it seemed so in the midst of the frippery by which this vain woman had surrounded herself; prudence and vanity were singularly associated in her mind, and she was, herself, an anomaly in the obscure neighborhood where she resided. A youth of toil and privation amidst the fever soil of the low country had brought its reward, and though not herself a native of the South, she had buried sixteen

children there, and, finally, her husband, a staunch backwoodsman, who, worn out with labor and ague fits, died a twelvemonth before, just when he enclosed six miles in his own fences, and considered himself a rich man. But the widow was not altogether alone. Her early days had been passed amid the snows of dreary Canada, and the constitution, there indurated by storms and snow, was transmitted to her only surviving child, a daughter now fifteen years of age, a beauty and a fortune, but, mentally, the weakest, and, morally, the most flippant thing in female form which could possibly be met with.

The persons now seated with Mrs. Blount felt that they were, in a manner, forcing themselves on her hospitality, which they were exceedingly unwilling to do; but they were traveling from a remote district to the low country on a visit to a relative, and, as there were no inns on their obscure route, they were glad to avail themselves of any resting place. They could not treat their hostess as the mistress of a hotel, or even of a boarding-house. They feared she would not accept any remuneration for their night's lodging, so they were entirely at her mercy, and she made them feel it. But, Mrs. Blount was not wholly unacquainted with their name, which was one of note in the country, and, from motives of self interest, she wished, if not to make her guests comfortable, at least to impress them with some adequate idea of her own and her daughter's consequence. The strange lady was very pale, much fatigued, and ill at ease. She, too, had a daughter, but of totally different stamp from the young woman just adverted to; and Esther Sinclair, in her dark green traveling dress, and plain straw bonnet, as she sat before the flaring fire, appeared what she was—a true lady. Mr. Sinclair had, meantime, stepped out to ascertain the condition of his horses, for the drive had been a severe one, and he wished to see them suitably accommodated.

"Take this rocking-chair, mamma," said Esther, as she drew one of the velvet chairs, already noted, near the fire.

"Stop, Miss, if you please," cried Mrs. Blount, in alarm, "just take *this*, (offering the oaken one,) 'tis comfortable, and Roselvina shall bring you a cushion from the hall."

Roselvina sprang from the fireside, and returned in an instant, adjusted the cushion, pushed the indicated chair forward, and fell back to her station. Mrs. Sinclair, half annoyed, and more than half amused, took the proffered seat, while Esther's cheek flushed,

and she could scarce restrain a smile at the woman's absurdity.

Mr. Sinclair now entered the room, and bowing with much urbanity to the company, joined them. Mrs. Blount beckoned Roselvina—

"Go tell Car'line to come down stairs directly," then, turning to the gentleman, remarked—

"Your horses will be stabled after a fashion to suit you here, I reckon; why, *early* in the fall, at camp meetin time, thirty horses was fed at our trough, and the corn 'never missed. Tom, out there, keeps the barn keys, and he knows all about takin care of cattle."

She was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Caroline Blount, the rustling of whose silk dress was heard before she fully presented herself.

"My daughter—Miss Blount."

Miss Blount swam to the velvet rocking-chair, drew it very near the fire, and, calling for a stool, which a servant, who had followed her into the parlor, immediately brought, seated herself, eyeing the strangers with mingled curiosity and dignity.

"Let Jerusha take their bonnets up stairs, ma," said she.

"Oh, I forgot," returned Mrs. Blount, with perfect nonchalance, "draw your bonnets, strangers, wont you?"

There was no help for it. Mrs. Sinclair and Esther accepted the arrangement, and handed both shawls and bonnets to Jerusha, (Miss Blount's tire-woman,) who vanished "up stairs" like a spirit, and returned like one to her mistress' chair.

Caroline Blount had a very simple, very pretty baby face, and she was dressed in ball costume, quite overdressed, indeed, for so young a girl. There was a splendid gold watch at her side—a Geneva chain, of admirable workmanship, encircled her throat. Turquoise ear-rings, bracelets, brooch, and rings adorned her bosom, ears, and fingers. Her feet were cased in delicate French gaiters, and her hair was puffed out in the most approved style of fashionable deformity. She lisped with affected emphasis, had a habit of turning up her eyes, as if with wonder, and knew not the least reserve. Herself, her own and her mother's affairs, were, in her opinion, more consequential than aught transpiring in the world beside.

The conversation, after her entrance into the room, was carried on chiefly between her mother and herself. Such subjects were

chosen by them as disclosed to the listeners how vast were the concerns of the household, how wide the fields, how abounding the wealth of Mrs. Rebecka Blount, and her daughter Caroline. The former was also very solicitous of exhibiting Caroline's accomplishments, and desired her to "Jist open the pianner, and sing a song or so while supper is gitting ready."

Caroline marched forward, and running her jeweled fingers over the keys of the instrument, exclaimed,

"Oh, ma, this is shocking! Mr. Goodrich was paid ten dollars yesterday for tuning my piano, and I declare, it is worse than before he touched it at all. Besides, ma, I don't like the clock he sold you there for fifty dollars—fifty and ten is sixty. That was a good morning's work, Miss Sinclair, wasn't it?" added she, turning appealingly to her guest.

Miss Sinclair was witnessing a new phase in her experience of society; but the manners of Caroline were so disgusting to her sense of propriety, that, being unable to conceal her feelings altogether, she replied, with obvious indifference,

"I really am not acquainted with the value of clocks, or the rates of piano tuning."

"I reckon," interposed Mrs. Blount, "you ken tell when it's well played on, for all that; for them of your name is allowed to be educated and taught most things fit for ladies to know."

Miss Sinclair was again perplexed. But her papa coming to her aid, begged Caroline to indulge them with some music.

"Gracious me!" cried the girl, "I feel somehow dashed. I don't know what you would like to hear." Then followed an astonishing din of confused notes, struck pell-mell, with force sufficient to elicit their most sonorous response. This was not all—a high-pitched voice swelled, quavered, trilled, and died away in sharp, faint echoes.

There was a pause, when Mrs. Blount, supposing the company wrapped in silent admiration, herself broke forth, saying,

"Don't Car'line play like forty, and sing powerful, all in hopera style, her teacher says. But here comes Billy to say supper is waitin'."

The supper was sumptuous, and would have sufficed twenty, as well as five. The table was illuminated by several sperm candles in silver stands, ostentatiously placed in single file down its centre. Coffee, tea, and chocolate were excellent; cold turkey, broiled chicken, tongue, cheese, ham and eggs, snow white

biscuits fresh from the oven, waffles and wafers swimming in fresh butter, hot hominy, Indian meal cakes, corn dodgers, rice johnny-cake, preserves, jellies, curds, were set out in a white china sett, with deep gilt border. Mrs. Blount went even beyond hospitable politeness in pressing her viands on the strangers. Her servants, six of whom were in attendance, took their cue from the mistress, and a plate was every instant thrust into the faces of the travelers, while Mrs. Blount talked incessantly, sometimes addressing the waiters, and sometimes the company. She ran on after this fashion:

"Billy, hand up some cheese from the toaster; don't you see, Jane, Mr. Sinclair's cup is out. I don't like the last lot of tea our factor sent us from town—I've a notion of sendin it back agin. George, how many weight of cotton was picked to-day? Mr. Sinclair, we sent a hundred bales to market last week, and that isn't a third of our crop. Can't you, Jane, give Mrs. Sinclair something she ken eat? Our supper is a poor one, marm, only for the family, you know. My daughter and me ain't no great eaters." Here Roselvina opened her eyes to their widest extent, and gave Jane a look full of meaning, which the latter returned, and immediately busied herself with pouring out fresh tea.

Miss Blount's airs during the meal were indescribable. Nothing was prepared to suit her taste—she was cold—she wondered how late it was, that odious clock "told time" so differently from her watch. At last, as if weary of ceremony, she started up from the table, saying—

"Ma, company is coming, I hear horses' feet."

The secret was out. Miss Caroline's admirer, Dr. Thompson, had called, as her mother informed Mrs. Sinclair, by way of excusing her daughter's abrupt exit.

"I don't like the young man, marm. There's him and Mr. Bennet, the lawyer, and a lot besides, comin here. They knows, good enough, Carry will git all my property, and young mens, marm, is up to lookin after girls' purses. Carry is young, and ought to marry *somebody* when she goes from me. I mean to keep her, though, as long as I ken."

Odd and ridiculous as this woman was, she had some admirable points of character. She was boastful, and, after a fashion, ambitious, but a more indulgent mistress could nowhere be found. Her speech was often rude, but her acts were kind. She gloried in display, but

she also loved to give, and every itinerant clergyman, in that wild country, found a welcome at her board, and even more solid evidence of her good feeling in the form of private gifts, which, unreserved as she was, she never mentioned. Her industry was unrivalled, nor did she require of her domestics anything like the amount of labor which she herself performed. Her faults were all on the surface, but her virtues were obscured by follies incident to those who, elevated above their early position in life, are unreasonably elated, and expose weakness while they suppose that they are exciting admiration.

"Now that her daughter was engaged in entertaining her admirer, Mrs. Blount was left at full liberty to indulge her love of talking, and proceeded to give the Sinclairs a history of her early life.

"I was married young," said she, "and William and I went right to work. He plowed and split rails, and labored tremendous. I spun, and made butter, and raised poultry, and minded the garden, besides cooking and washing. We done well, for in no time William was able to git help. Every year livin' was easier, cause we started right, and all went on slick as a ribbon. I never did take on too much about the children we lost, and I jist kept a good heart when he had chills and fever. I aint no subject for fever myself, and I was never afeard of it. William was monstrous kind and lovin' to me, and we never quarreled, cause there wasn't time for it. I done all the talkin', for he, honest man, was peaceable as a lamb. We saved up notorious, but we fed the black ones well, and didn't stint livin' ourselves. Well, he is gone! all is gone, only me and Car'line. We are well to do, and she has a grand edication, but my trouble is about them sparks a-courtin' her. They is poor as pine bark, and fine as fiddles. Her father wasn't like them, I reckon, for, if he was poor at startin', he minded the main chance, and didn't go paradin' about in a shining black coat, till he was up the ladder considerable. I felt kind of wicked myself the first time I wore a silk frock, and the wearin' of silk don't suit me yet. Roselvina, snuff them candles, and mind the fire, I say. I got tired of all the old names, you see, Mrs. Sinclair, and called this child Roselvina. Her mother's name is Rose, and there is two Roses on my plantation besides, so I named her different. I had no notion of filling the house with roses, to match the garden."

Here Mrs. Blount laughed at her own wit,

and seeing her guests smile too, pursued the comparison:

"Not exactly alike, either, them in the garden bein' red and white, and them in the house black. Do you understand, Mrs. Sinclair?"

"Perfectly," said the lady, who, very weary of her journey, and Mrs. Blount's discourse, intimated her wish to retire. Mrs. Blount insisted on conducting her to her apartment, and then, instead of releasing her victim, seated herself, and entered into a long history of her method of curing feathers, discussed the pattern of her patchwork quilt, netted fringe, and so on, for an hour, then rising, remarked,

"I reckon you is sleepy. It's strikin' ten o'clock. I mean to clear the house of wisiters this minnit. So, good night to you, marm."

Doctor Thompson was summarily dismissed by the authoritative mistress of the mansion. She said "It was time to 'shet up,'" and "all honest folks ought to be a-bed."

The travelers were roused very early next morning, by the shrill voice of Mrs. Blount conversing with her man of business in the piazza, and they were by no means flattered at her allusion to them, for she spoke in so loud a tone that every word was audible:

"Everything is put back to day by them grand folks a-sleepin' so late." She was, however, very courteous at breakfast, and insisted on their spending a night with her on their return home.

A month had elapsed since our travelers reposed at good Mrs. Blount's, when, one evening, a carriage drove up to that lady's residence. The October sun was setting. A flood of golden light rested on corn and cotton field, and rendered yet more brilliant the deep purple chrysanthemums and scarlet verbenas which ornamented that lady's flower-garden in front of her ostentatious dwelling. The althea still put forth its lilac and pale white blossoms, and the holly, cedar, wild orange, and laurel "never sere," had become only more conspicuous, as other deciduous trees changed color and lost their summer luxuriance. A soft, voluptuous air surrounded all, and shook gently from the orchard summer's latest fruit. The earth was strewn with red oak, yellow hickory, and pride of India leaves. A small gate, opening from the carriage-road into the flower-garden already mentioned, stood ajar, and on either side the graveled walk prince's feathers, coxcombs, and sweet fennel formed a border.

The company entered the piazza, and were there met by Mrs. Blount. It struck them that she had lost her animation of manner, and was

troubled in mind. Nor were they long left in doubt as to the nature of her trouble, for, shortly after being seated in the parlor, she drew a long sigh:

"It's a poor world, after all, Mrs. Sinclair. The last of my family is gone. I had a daughter when you was here. You remember her, I reckon, for her favor was counted handsome, and she played onreacheable on the pianner. I is jist as lonesome as the old pine tree yonder in the field, with not another near."

Mrs. Sinclair was much shocked, and inquired how long her daughter had been ill.

"Oh, you think she's dead, marm," cried the mother, with sudden animation. "No, taint quite so bad as that, but almost. She is gone off with that scape-grace of a Doctor Thompson, on the cars, and got married. It's the worst trouble I ever had, cause there was only her, you know, for me to care for, and my heart was sot awful on the child. It aint no use grievin for anything." But it was very evident that she did grieve, notwithstanding, for a tear rolled down her cheek as she spoke, and her subdued manner evinced how deeply her heart was touched.

Mrs. Sinclair had been much disgusted by the ridiculous follies of her entertainer in the days of her assumption and pretence, but now that anxiety—a mother's anxiety, had taken the place of absurd frippery, the sympathy of that amiable woman was at once awakened. She set herself to work to ascertain the character, pursuits, and ability of said Doctor Thompson, and soon obtained, from loquacious Mrs. Blount, all the enlightenment necessary. It was plain, from that lady's statements, that the attachment between her daughter and the young physician had for some time subsisted; that Mrs. Blount's strongest objection to her son-in-law was his want of fortune and fondness for dress (which latter fault, under the circumstances, was not inexcusable, since he sought by this means to recommend himself to Caroline,) that he was attentive to his profession, and that Mrs. Blount knew nothing against his moral character. These points established, Mrs. Sinclair proceeded, in her office of pacificator, to suggest, first, that although Mrs. Blount had serious cause to feel offended that her daughter had acted precipitately, and without due deference to so kind a mother, yet her youth and inexperience pleaded for her; secondly, she declared she thought the girl might have done worse, as her lover's character was stated to be irreproach-

able; and, thirdly, she could see no real objection to his want of property, as his professional ability ought to be esteemed an offset to his wife's expected fortune.

It was curious to see how Mrs. Blount's anger softened while she listened to the wise representations of her adviser, and something like comfort stole into her heart, as she said—

"Well, really, you don't think it's so bad after all, and Car'line wrote me a letter, tellin how Parson Spear had married her in church, and how he told her to ax my pardon. But I'll show you the letter."

Accordingly, the billet was produced, and Mrs. Sinclair was surprised at the right feeling it discovered. But here it is:

"MY DEAR MOTHER:

"I am almost afraid to write to you, because I know you are offended with me, and I am sure *that* vexes me too. But what could I do? You know you drove Allan from the house, and I love him better than myself, and next to you. Allan, poor fellow, wished to please you, but you could not endure him, because he is poor. Mamma, I don't think him poor; he knows so much more than I do. If you will take us home again, since we are married now, and he is your son, we will come gladly; but, if not, we are going to Florida to try our fortune there. Please write, and let us know what we are to do.

"Your affec. daughter,

"CAROLINE."

"I should most decidedly advise you to recall the young couple," said Mrs. Sinclair, returning the letter to the perplexed mother; "and when they come, treat them gently. Your daughter is no longer a child, and, whatever her faults may be, my good Mrs. Blount, the time is past for correcting them by authority. You can now only hope to control her by other means—by love; indeed, *that*, after all, is the most effective influence on every human heart. This is my creed, Mrs. Blount, and as you have asked my advice, you have it without reserve."

"Tell me exactly what I must do," replied her companion, "for in this business I feel somehow, mazed; and you is a lady up to the ways of the wise, I kin see."

"Do simply this—write to your daughter and tell her that she must come home; that you are content to overlook the past if the future meet your approval."

"I'll do jist that," responded Mrs. Blount, "and send my letter this blessed night. Here,

Roselvina, git me a writin desk directly, and tell Harry to saddle gray Nance, for he must be off to the post office quick as a wink."

Mrs. Sinclair dictated, Mrs. Blount wrote, and Harry had departed on gray Nance before supper was announced. Mrs. Blount testified by her manner the relief she had experienced, and her adieus in the morning were given with warmth and unction quite gratifying to her guests.

"Oh, mamma," said Esther, "how good you were to interest yourself about these vulgar people, as you have done. I am sure Mrs. Blount regards our visit now in quite a different light from that in which she was disposed to consider it when we passed in September."

"My dear child," returned the lady, "we are all God's creatures, and it best becomes us, at all times, to do all the good we can, remembering that in the eyes of our Creator we are equal, except in gradations of virtue and vice. It is a proof of our own imperfection and want of true charity when we allow external superiority to blind us—when we overlook the gold that is buried in dust, because we must soil our fastidious idea of exclusive elegance to lift it thence. Let us be grateful, my Esther, that we are better instructed than many whom we encounter, but, at the same time, let us endeavor to act to others as we would have them act toward us, were our condition reversed."

Esther laid the lesson to heart, and when a letter, rudely written by Mrs. Blount, sometime after arrived, stating that Dr. Thompson and his wife were "at home," and the writer quite reconciled to the alliance, she said, embracing her mother,

"Mamma, you were right to condescend as you did, in the affairs of the backwoods fine lady."

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

To dream of a small stone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife.—To see apples in a dream betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may expect to find pears.—To dream that you are lame betokens that you will get into a hobble.—When a young lady dreams of a coffin it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.—To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed.

NELLIE.

BY FANNY FALES.

The apple-boughs were full of bloom,
The sweet May kissing hands to June,
But we sat silent, in the gloom.

That morn our birdling soared on high—
So young from our fond arms to fly,
Two summers' azure in her eye.

Oh! how our hearts were rent that day!
We scarce could move our lips to pray,
God help us! all that we could say.

O little Nellie! nevermore
Dancing like sunshine through the door,
And raining kisses, o'er and o'er,

We listen for the flying feet,
Which come no more, our own to meet,
The prattle innocent and sweet.

The half-worn shoes are lying near
The rumpled dress—but all is drear—
The crib is empty—she not here.

"I'd be an angel" oft she sung,
And now, the shining ones among
She sings, while our poor hearts are wrung.

God's will be done! let thanks go up,
That she no more will taste the cup,
Father and mother yet must sup.

The apple-boughs are still in bloom,
May for the roses making room,
Why should our hearts sit in the gloom?

For only a few steps—a pain—
And she who in our arms hath lain,
Babe Nellie, we shall clasp again.

HOME LIFE.

Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, the home light must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch-blaze of natural excitement, which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light which burns as safely in the dry east wind, as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while—let each cultivate the mutual confidence, which is a gift capable of increase and improvement—and soon it will be found that kindliness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea-rocks.

THE END OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE chief end to be proposed in cultivating the understandings of women, is to qualify them for the practical purposes of life. Their knowledge is not often, like the learning of men, to be reproduced in some literary composition, and never in any learned profession; but it is to come out in conduct; it is to be exhibited in life and manners. A lady studies, not that she may qualify herself to become an orator or a pleader; not that she may learn to debate, but to act. She is to read the best books, not so much to enable her to talk of them, as to bring the improvement which they furnish to the rectification of her principles and the formation of her habits. The great uses of study to a woman are to enable her to regulate her own mind, and to be instrumental to the good of others.

To woman, therefore, whatever be her rank, I would recommend a predominance of those more sober studies, which, not having display for their object, may make her wise without vanity, happy without witnesses, and content without panegyrists; the exercise of which may not bring celebrity, but will improve usefulness. She should pursue every kind of study which will teach her to elicit truth; which will lead her to be intent upon realities, will give precision to her ideas, will make an exact mind. She should cultivate every study which, instead of stimulating her sensibility, will chastise it; which will neither create an excessive nor a false refinement; which will give her definite notions; will bring the imagination under dominion; will lead her to think, to compare, to combine, to methodize; which will confer such a power of discrimination, that her judgment shall learn to reject what is dazzling, if it be not solid; and to prefer, not what is striking, or bright, or new, but what is just. That kind of knowledge which is rather fitted for home consumption than foreign exportation, is peculiarly adapted to women.

There have not been wanting ill-judging females, who have affected to establish an unnatural separation between talents and usefulness, instead of bearing in mind that talents are the great appointed instruments of usefulness; who have acted as if knowledge were to confer on woman a kind of fantastic sovereignty, which should exonerate her from the discharge of female duties; whereas, it is only meant the more eminently to qualify her for the performance of them. A woman of real sense will never forget that, while the greater

part of her proper duties are such as the most moderately-gifted may fulfill with credit—since Providence never makes that to be very difficult which is generally necessary—yet, that the most highly endowed are equally bound to fulfill them; and let her remember that the humblest of these offices, performed on Christian principles, are wholesome for the minds even of the most enlightened, as they tend to the casting down of those “high imaginations” which women of genius are tempted to indulge.

For instance, ladies whose natural vanity has been aggravated by a false education, may look down on *economy* as a vulgar attainment, unworthy of the attention of a highly cultivated intellect; but this is the false estimate of a shallow mind. Economy, such as a woman of fortune is called on to practice, is not merely the petty detail of small daily expenses, the shabby curtailments and stinted parsimony of a little mind, operating on little concerns; but it is the exercise of a sound judgment.

INFLUENCE OF MODERN MANNERS ON MARRIAGE.

THE superior civilization and enlightenment of the present day is a constant theme for boasting; and we may admit the truth of the boast to this extent—that there never, perhaps, was a time, since the first promulgation of Christianity, in which more care has been shown for the interests of the helpless, the destitute, and the degraded.

There is no form of misery, or of ignorance, or of vice, so hideous and repulsive, as to repel the kindly feelings or avert the help of the benevolent. Surely these are encouraging tokens. But then it cannot be too often or too anxiously inquired into, whether, along with these compassionate and tender sympathies for the wretched, there may not be stealthily growing up among us other habits and feelings which eat into our strength, and sap the foundations of our social system. Alongside of our pity, is there not a good deal of sentiment mixed up with our softer feelings? Are there not many expensive and luxurious habits which our grandmothers would have flouted, but which we have learned to think are indispensable? And is not this ever-advancing standard in the style of living becoming every day a greater obstacle in the way of our social happiness?

The old controversy, whether a man can afford to marry on \$1500 a year, is not dead amongst us, though we fear, if a vigorous effort

is not made, it will soon be settled in the negative. We recur to it, because we believe the ladies have the decision practically in their own hands.

We do not mean the young unmarried ladies, though their interests are most concerned in the matter; at present, we more particularly refer to their mothers and guardians, with whom, in the last resort, the decision on all proposals for the marriage of the daughters rest. And what is it, as a general rule, that they demand from a suitor for their daughter's hand? Is it not that he shall afford the young lady a home at least as affluent and as comfortable as that from which she is taken? The condition is so general, that it has passed into a proverb.

But, we would humbly ask, is it reasonable? We are firm believers, we confess, in progress, and we rejoice in the thought that each generation should surpass that which went before it; nay, we have no objection that this progress should take place in wealth, as well as in higher things. But is not this exacting too high a standard? If each branch of the young generation is to start exactly from that point at which the old has left off, no doubt the space cleared by each, and the line of demarcation drawn between them, would be considerable; but, we venture to ask, is that difference desirable? And is the condition on which alone it is to be obtained practicable? We do not say that every mother who has herself risen in the social scale, should be content to see her daughter begin life exactly at that point where she began herself; but, surely some middle point between the starting point and the close of her own career might be hit upon. This point should be kept in view through the whole course of a daughter's education, and not only when a formal proposal is made. If young ladies were trained more to the idea that their married life for the first few years will be of a more straitened character than they are accustomed to see at home, and that they may be required personally to superintend or even to assist in the domestic arrangements, it would do them no harm in their unmarried condition, while it would materially assist them in their married life. We believe, indeed, that most of them, even now, if left to themselves, would have too much good sense to reject the offer of a strong-minded, loving heart, merely because it is accompanied with a less luxurious establishment than they are accustomed to at home; but many a difficulty would be smoothed away, and many a pang

spared in after life, if they were trained beforehand to the expectation that then their *ménage* would be a small one, and fitted to act in it accordingly.

We make our appeal, then, to wives and mothers to look to this matter, as one which concerns, not the happiness of their daughters only, but the social state of the country. It cannot be well with a nation, when early marriages are discouraged. The ancients understood this; and in their rude, blind instincts, they had always more trust in the man who, in their language, had, by the possession of a wife and children, "given hostages to fortune." And we, in this Christian land, are not above learning the same lesson.

It is in family life that we find the root of all the moral and real virtues; and outside of it we have confusion, vice, and shame.

THEN AND NOW.

BY CLARA J. LEE.

O my baby! how thy pale face
All day long hath haunted me:
And thy little hands, beseeching,
Have been lifted unto me.

Thy blue eyes are gazing on me—
Thy sweet lips caress my cheek;
And in accents yearning, tender,
Thou to me dost seem to speak.

Darling, *darling*! my heart crieth
Out aloud in bitter pain;
Oh, how gladly would these lone arms
Clasp thee to themselves again.

Never, *never*! thou art wafted
Where my poor feet cannot tread;
And in bitter anguish ever
I must mourn that thou art dead.

Once, ay twice, the flowers have blossomed
On thy little grave, my child!
But I would not now disturb thee,
Calling back in accents wild.

God, *Our Father*, took thee from me,
Safe within his fold to rest;
Then I murmured—now say, calmly,
Let Him do as seemeth best.

Still, my darling, I look upward!
Loving eyes beam bright on me;
Dimpled hands are clasped in blessings,
Gently dropping down on me.

On my ear they sweetly linger—
In my heart they deeply fall;
And I *feel* why God so dealeth—
Why, though loving, chasteneth all.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

HARRY ATWOOD'S VISIT AT OUR HOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"You'll have cause enough to repent your invitation, Cousin Janet. Harry'll bother the life out of you."

"Well, I'm willing to try him, anyhow, Esther; and when the visit's over we'll see whether Harry or I regret his coming to Maywood."

Cousin Esther said no more, only her fair, pale face wore an expression of dubious faith in my remark, as she drew her egg glass toward her, and broke the white, oval shell, with the point of her spoon.

I had been for a month the guest of my dearly beloved cousin, Esther Atwood. Her home was a little earthly paradise, hidden away amid clambering vines, which folded their loving arms about it; and care and watchful tenderness made the cottage as home-like and happy within as it was fair without; but my cousin was an invalid, not exactly a confirmed—certainly not a fretful one, but she had those extremely susceptible nerves, on which every discordant sound or circumstance jarred so painfully; and several years of slow suffering had weakened the elasticity of her spirits, making them as all invalids must be, sensitive at all times, and frequently exacting.

There had been, at last, a very obvious improvement in her health, but recovery from a long nervous disease must necessarily be slow and tedious.

Harry Atwood was my cousin's only son. His life had numbered a dozen birthdays, and he was just such a boy as I always loved—bright, hearty, generous, fun-loving, full of adventures and hair-breadth escapes—full of faults, too, and yet with something bold, warm, true, and half defiant in his nature, which drew me toward him.

Now, fond as Esther was of her only boy, he was a constant source of care and annoyance to her, for the poor woman was nervous, not because of indolence, and whims, and selfish indulgence, but because of wearing pain and lassitude, and Harry's loud, boisterous, rollicking ways were always jarring her into sudden starts and tremors.

He had become quite used to the reproving, half fretful, "Oh, Harry, how you did startle me! Do be a little more softly! Dear me! was there ever such a boy! You're worse than a gun going off suddenly at the door!" and sundry other ejaculations and uncomplimentary reflections, which were of hourly recurrence.

So they had become a matter of course to Harry, not that he was a hard-hearted, unsympathetic boy toward suffering—he could *understand*; but what healthy, vigorous, energetic boy of twelve ever *understood* anything about mother's weak nerves and endless headaches? Not Harry Atwood, certainly. I am fond of boys—their free, careless, happy life always thrills me with a new tide of sympathetic enjoyment, and Harry and I got on perfectly together. He rowed me across the pond to the old oaks—he gave me many a swing in the old barn—we searched for the fresh eggs in the hay, for the berries in the woods, and the early apples in the orchard, and Harry's mother thought my suddenly developed tastes for juvenile masculine sports quite an unsolvable problem.

"He's a noble little fellow, Esther," I said to her one day, as we sat together in her bed-room. "You ought to be very proud of your boy."

She laid down, with a little sigh, the scissors with which she was cutting the stems from some lilies of the valley. "I know he is all that you say, Esther, but he's such a terribly noisy, obstreperous child in the house, that I can't do anything with him, and I'm obliged to let him run wild out doors. Boys are a great trial!"

"So they are, to weakly, nervous mothers. But see here, Esther," for the thought flashed suddenly across me, "you're going to the sea-shore next month, and your nerves want rest and quiet before and afterward. Let Harry go home with me on a good, long visit of at least three months. I'll promise you my nerves will stand it."

"I haven't the heart to put such a care on you and Aunt Martha, my dear Janet."

"Not if we are quite willing to take it? Besides," I went on, warming with my subject, "he needn't lose his studies, for there's a fine academy at Maywood. Altogether, it's the best thing you can do, to let me have him."

"I don't know but it is," thoughtfully balancing the scissors.

At that moment Harry's father entered the room. You knew, with the first glance in his face, how Harry came by his merry hazel eyes, his rings of bright brown hair, and the smile that came and went in flashes on his lips.

"Come, girls," he said, in his bright, off-hand way, that always placed you at ease, though you had never met him before, "don't stay shut up here in the bedroom, like a couple of caged canaries. The air is perfectly delicious. Get on your bon-

nets in a hurry, and go down to the Bend with me."

"Well, Edward, you must hear first what Janet has just proposed. She wants to take Harry home and keep him for the next three months, and I'm half tempted to accept the invitation, only it's such an imposition on her benevolence."

"Hear that, Janet; you know not what you ask," laughed Edward, as he snapped his riding whip.

"Yes, I do, and for that very reason I persist in asking."

"Well, then, I won't raise any objections; and on the whole, I believe it will be the best thing for Esther. She thinks Harry a great ' vexation of spirit,' but after all, I suspect he's no worse than his father—very much indeed what that individual was before him, and he came out such a man, after all, that the very best woman in the world wasn't afraid to cast in her lot with him."

Cousin Esther smiled and blushed a little at these words, then the tears came into her eyes with the proud, loving glance which she threw upon her husband.

"The best woman in the world," she repeated. "Ah, Edward, think what a helpless, miserable sort of wife I've been to you during the last three years."

The gentleman looked down on the sweet, pale face beneath him, and no wife would have needed the words, after that look, though *they* came, too:

"I've been satisfied—more than satisfied, with 'the sort of wife' she's made, anyhow."

But before I started off for my bonnet I knew I had carried my point, and that when I returned to Maywood Harry Atwood would accompany me.

"Do, Cousin Janet, come and just look at him one moment."

If I could have resisted the tones, I could not the bright, beseeching face, so I just laid down my pen, for I was very busy that morning, and went out with Harry.

There it stood, on a bench under the protecting arms of the old apple tree, whose head had been covered with the glory of a century of blossoms; the little miniature house, with its sloping roof of wood, and its bars of iron, and inside were a pair of the daintiest snowy squirrels, with little constellations of black spots on their heads and necks.

The shy, graceful creatures glanced at us, half with fear, half with pleasure, from their bright brown eyes, and then gambolled from end to end of their little home, and took up the nuts we threw them in such quick, cunning fashion, that Harry clapped his hands and shouted for joy.

I cannot tell you what store Harry set by these pets of his. At that time they had been in his possession only about a couple of weeks, and he had been an inmate of our house for about twice that period.

The squirrels had been the gift of our doctor's wife, whose little daughter Harry had saved, a few weeks ago, from falling into the river. The child was crossing it on an old, broken bridge, for she had lost her way. One of the boards had broken under her slight weight, and it was only by clinging to a cross beam with all her strength that the little girl was prevented from falling into the deep water over which she hung suspended.

Harry was returning from school, when the child's shrieks fell upon his ear. He rushed toward them, and succeeded in rescuing the child from her perilous situation, for she must inevitably have fallen into the river before many moments had passed.

"Did you ever see such darling little things, Cousin Janet?" asked Harry, in an undertone of deep enjoyment, as we stood under the apple tree, watching the movements of the squirrels.

"They are beautiful, Harry."

"Aunt Martha says I can tame them in a little while so they can run all around the house. Won't that be capital?"

"Capital."

"And do you know, this is Wednesday afternoon, and I'm going to invite our class over to see them. The boys will all want to come."

"I don't doubt it, Harry, but whether we shall all want to see them or not. Have you told mother about your good intentions?"

"No; won't you speak to Aunt Martha about it, please? It'll all be right then, you know."

I was in a hurry to get back to my writing, and Harry's hazel eyes had the entreaty in them which I did not like to resist, so I answered, hurrying away,

"Well, Harry, I'll try and remember it," and he knew, then, the matter was settled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CINDERELLA, OR THE GLASS SLIPPER.

Two centuries ago furs were so rare and so highly valued that the wearing of them was restricted, by sumptuary laws, to kings and princes. Sable, in those laws called *vair*, was the subject of many regulations as to the precise rank and quality of the person permitted to wear it, as well as to the article of dress to which it might be attached. In the fairy tales attributed to Perrault, the dignity conferred on Cinderella is said to have been marked by presenting her with a slipper of *vair*. An error of the press probably converted *vair* into *verre*; and so, in the translation of the charming little tale, the slipper of sable became a slipper of glass.

THE man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

WHEN the Queen of England is angry, what order of merit does she represent? A Victoria Cross.

Mothers' Department.

A BAD HABIT FOR A MOTHER.

We take the following from the "Mother's Journal":—

Mrs. Colman used to say she could not see why her children did not mind her better. She was sure she did not drive them, and make them obstinate in that way, and they had everything done for them which could be done, and yet they never yielded cheerful obedience; and she looked worried and anxious all the time. However, she would have stoutly resented it if any one else had ventured the opinion that they were not the best children in the world, or had suggested a change in her manner of governing them.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, and all the little Colmans were in the sitting-room, when the customary scene was commenced, which was repeated with slight variations every evening.

"Come, Horace," began the mother, addressing her eldest boy, a child of ten years, "come, it is bed-time now—you had better put away your book."

"Oh! I can't go to bed now—I'm right in the middle of a story, besides, I aint going as long as Carrie sits up."

"Come, Carrie, you go too," said the mother. "You wont feel like getting up in the morning."

Carrie took no notice of her mother's remark, but went on crocheting, and the mother busied herself with the baby, who presently fell asleep in her arms.

"There, Georgie, you're sound asleep on the sofa; you must wake up now and go up stairs."

No answer from Georgie.

Presently Mrs. Colman rose, and laid the baby softly in the cradle. He had been very fretful all day. She began to shake Georgie gently by the shoulder, saying over and over again, "Come, wake up, Georgie."

"Be still!" vociferated the little fellow at last.

"Sh! sh! don't wake up the baby," said the mother, but Georgie clamored, and presently the baby joined in.

"Dear me, what a noise," said Horace, pettishly. The mother joggled the cradle gently, and by the time its refractory occupant was quiet, the boy upon the sofa was sound asleep again, where he lay till past nine o'clock. At last the waking up scene was recommenced, and the mother began to coax her daughter to rock the cradle.

Ungraciously, at last, she rose, and began to jog

the cradle, muttering something about the plague of babies.

After some ten minutes of coaxing, with "Come now, do, Georgie, come, please do," reiterated for the fortieth time, Master Georgie was half led and half carried to bed. The two elder children went when their mother did.

Every morning a similar scene was carried on before breakfast to get the children up, and before school to get them ready and started, and the "come now," and the "please do," were about as effectual as in the previously cited instance, usually resulting in the children's doing as they pleased, or being hired to do as their mother pleased.

Occasionally the tune was varied to, "I wouldn't," "now, please don't," when Master Horace proposed to go skating on the river, or riding a dangerous horse—or Georgie took the vases from the mantelpiece to fill his little wheelbarrow.

Poor Mrs. Colman sighed, and fretted, and worried, but never tried the simple remedy once recommended to her, a little firm authority. Her will was weak—the children's strong, and they came off victors. There are many Mrs. Colmans, spoiling many families of children.

INFANT EDUCATION.

I would raise my voice, says Doctor Ferguson, against that pernicious system of brain-work, mis-called infantile education. It ignores, or is ignorant of, the laws both of the physical and functional development of this most important organ. It neglects the sequences under which its various faculties appear. It has little regard to the laws under which the senses educe the powers of the brain. It either crushes the imagination, so active in childhood, by a premature development of the reflective faculties, or it overwhelms a faculty, which requires no stimulus by a host of artificial expedients. Hence the greater development of early mischiefs: hence the instances of disproportional faculties—the wayward will—the unbalanced conduct—the physical exhaustion and cramped development of the body, the result of the contention of unharmonious and disordered powers and passions. The chapter on the early training of childhood is yet to be written; and even were it at hand, I believe that the errors of the present system are so methodized and overrated, so many prizes are offered for treading its paths, that few would listen to, and fewer practice, its precepts. One of the most thoughtful

minds of our time, (Sir B. Brodie,) in pointing out some of its vices, has all but preferred leaving the brain fallow, to storing it, as it is now stored, in infancy and childhood.

FUN AT HOME.

Some one has said:—

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come in at night. When once a home is regarded

only as a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends only in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be found at other less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the house-nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight at home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world, is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

Health Department.

A SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.

Said a young lady, who was fashionably educated at the boarding-schools, and indulged in idleness at home, so that there was neither strength or elasticity in her frame, "I used to be so feeble that I could not even raise a broom, and the least physical exertion would make me ill for a week. One sweeping day I went bravely to work, cleaning thoroughly the parlors, three chambers, the front hall, after which I lay down and rested until noon, when I arose and ate a heartier meal than for many a day. Since that time I have occupied some portion of every day in active domestic labor, and not only are my friends congratulating me upon my improved appearance, but in my whole being, mind, body, and spirit, I experience a wonderful vigor, to which I have hitherto been a stranger. Young ladies, try my Catholicon."

THE INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON HEALTH.

Excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth, and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life; but they are, none of them, so bad as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous to preserve "a sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of time smoothly and securely, instead of being

continually tossed about amidst rocks and shoals which endanger its existence, to have a special care, amidst all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

SADDLE HYGIENE.

[A writer in the Independent has the following pleasant and truthful remarks on the subject of riding for Health:]

The early morning ride adds vastly to the stock of a man's self-respect; for one naturally feels mean on getting out of bed with the sun an hour high. As you clatter along the city pavements out toward the plank road which leads to the rural districts, the solitary ring of the horse's hoofs against the brick walls and the closed shutters, and the morning papers lying untouched on the door-step, and the watchman dragging himself sleepily homeward from his nightly patrol, minister a delicious kind of satisfaction to your soul that you are really out of bed, and this feeling of honest pride is itself an accessory to good digestion.

The gentle amble, or hand-gallop, is too easy a gait for a short ride, and so, if you are a minister or a man of business, and have not much time for recreation, I would recommend a hard-trotting horse. You will need some practice, however, or you will make a sorry figure—your legs dangling against the creature's ribs, and your elbows extended like the wings of a bird, and your body as passive a lump as a bag of corn going to mill. These are invariably the constituents of verdant riding on hard trotters. Learn, therefore, to rise gracefully in the saddle, after the fashion of John Bull; the exercise is absolutely splendid, stimulating the capillaries vastly by the friction of the clothes against

the person, starting a genial perspiration over the whole body, inflating the lungs, opening the hepatic ducts, likewise the pyloric, and a great many others which you will find named in Dunglison's Dictionary.

If you happen to be a minister, you will find that a daily ride in the saddle, especially if it contemplate some mission of benevolence, will wonderfully oxygenate your sermons; for it is high time that preachers and parishes were made aware of the fact that good sermons and good arterial blood have strong affinities.

It is immensely important, as I have just now suggested, that your ride contemplate some good object, besides health, which shall occupy the thoughts. One of the most miserable, as well as ludicrous spectacles on earth, is that of a poor dyspeptic bouncing on a horse's back, day after day, saying inwardly with every *jolt*, "It's for my health, it's for my health!" I have seen a man sallow and cadaverous after six months of such penance. Nay, I have tried it myself with doleful results.

An old author tells of a rich man who said to a poor man, "I walk to get a stomach for my meat;" "and I," said the poor man, "walk to get meat for my stomach." Depend on it, the latter won the stomach, if he missed of his sirloin. Take admonition, dyspeptic reader, from this hint, and beware of the folly of getting fussy about health on horseback or anywhere else.

John Wesley was a broken-down invalid at forty, but riding in the saddle some thousands of miles in the work of preaching saved him to the world till past fourscore; whereas, if he had simply ridden for health—a selfish consideration—doubtless he would have died in his prime. On reflection I believe that a benevolent errand at the end of your ride will prove quite as serviceable as the ride itself. A distinguished physiologist has remarked that

benevolence promotes the *centrifugal* action of the fluids of the body. We all know that selfishness is mental congestion, and why should it not tend to physical congestion? No doubt it does. And I have seen a dyspeptic dying by inches under the wear and tear of this mean thought, that his personal health was of great consequence, when everybody, even his wife, knew that he did nobody any good. He was a considerable gymnast, a constant rider on horseback, a marvelous bather in cold water, a very duck (or I should rather have said *gander*) among aquatic bipeds, and yet grew no better, but worse, from day to day, just because of selfishness.

BAD BREATH.

If when the face is brought near another's, the lips are kept firmly closed, there is no bad breath, that which comes from the nose not being perceptibly disagreeable.

Much of the disagreeable odor of a late meal may be avoided if the teeth and mouth are well rinsed with warm water, and the tooth brush is passed across the back part of the tongue.

In some persons, a factor of breath and of the feet alternate. In others, both are present at the same time.

A foetid effluvia arises usually, if not always, from three causes; first, it is hereditary, being connected with a scrofulous taint; second, it arises from a want of personal cleanliness; third, it attends a disordered stomach. The second and third suggest their own remedies. The first is a grievous and mortifying misfortune to all sensitive minds, but it may be remedied to a very considerable extent, by persistent habits of strict personal cleanliness, by large out-door activities, personal regularities, and the temperate use of plain substantial food.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

Hints for Housekeepers.

BEEF.—A very economical, and most savory and delicious dish, can be made with two or three pounds of chuck-steak, (a cheap part of beef,) which infinitely surpasses the tasteless, insipid, common eating-house stuff, called "beef a la mode." Cut the steak into pieces of about two inches square, put them into a saucepan with a large breakfast-cup of cold water, season with black pepper and salt; put it on the fire; as soon as it boils up, stand it on the hob to simmer for two hours and a half, until perfectly tender. While simmering, tie up, with a bit of white thread or

cotton, a bunch of a pennyworth of sweet herbs, composed of knotted marjoram, winter savory, and a little thyme, and take it out just before the dish is served. Of course, the stew must be occasionally shaken, as all others are; remember, however, the fat must not be skimmed off; the more fat there is, the better is the stew. This dish is of Italian origin, and in that country is eaten with plain boiled macaroni and Parmesan cheese, or with a salad; and with either it is a "dainty dish to set before a king." Any girl from a charity school could cook it, while an alderman of Portoken Ward and a

three stone man, or a cripple from the workhouse, would equally enjoy it, and wish he could eat more.

LIVING TOO HIGH.—There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel." We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be so. We must be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar outward show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable state to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial genteel world of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble, self-denying love is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

DEVONSHIRE STEW.—Mix together the following articles, previously boiled and shred: Potatoes, cabbage, (or greens,) and onions; season with pepper and salt; put the whole into a pan with a lump of nice beef dripping, or butter; stir it until hot—it is then ready for use. Double the quantity of potatoes are required to the cabbage and onions. This is a cheap dish, and eats well with hot or cold meat. Potatoes and cabbage left at dinner the day previous will answer the purpose. The water should be changed at least twice during the boiling of the onions.

TOAST.—Chestnut brown is even far too deep for a good toast, and the color of a fox is rather too deep. The nearer it can be kept to a straw color the more delicious to the taste, and the more wholesome it will be. The method of obtaining this is very obvious. It consists in keeping the bread at the proper distance from the fire, and exposing it to a proper heat for a due length of time; or it may be done, placed on edge the same way as dry toast is brought to table, in a rack, in an iron or brick oven of a proper heat. For those who "make the toast," especially if a large quantity be required, it is generally a tedious process, and for this reason it is commonly hurried. But if the toasting-fork was discarded, and its place supplied by a small apparatus made of wire, long enough to hold three or four pieces at a time, and so contrived as to slide in or out to any required distance from the

fire, the bread may be placed in it, and the process of toasting carried on, while the servant was at liberty to do her other work. Of course, the "Toast Holder" would require to be made differently to suit particular shaped grates and fire-places.

TO CLEAN PAINT THAT IS NOT VARNISHED.—Put upon a plate some of the best whiting, have ready some clean warm water, and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new; and without doing the least injury to the most delicate color, it will preserve the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap; and it does not require more than half the time usually occupied in cleaning.

FAMILY ECONOMY.—There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlor, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, *Waste*, cries "More," like the horse leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it.

HOT-CROSS BUNS.—Rub four ounces of butter into two pounds of flour, four ounces of sugar, one ounce and a half of ground allspice, cinnamon, and mace, mixed together. Put a spoonful of cream into a cup of yeast, and as much good milk as will make the above into a light paste. The buns will bake quickly in tins; set them near the fire to rise, previously to putting them into the oven. When half proved, press the form of a cross in the centre, with a tin mould.

CORN MUFFINS.—One quart of Indian meal sifted; one heaping spoonful of butter; one quart of milk and some salt; two tablespoons of distillery yeast; one of molasses. Let it raise four or five hours. Bake in muffin rings. The same will answer to bake in shallow pans. Bake one hour.

RAISED MUFFINS.—Take three eggs, half a cup of yeast, a little salt, a quart of new milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter; flour enough to make a thick batter. When risen, bake in rings.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

PLATE OF FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

The group of children on the plate represent a dancing lesson in the park of the United States Hotel at Saratoga, or of the Ocean House in Newport. They are affecting the *two step* of "The Lancers," which they witnessed the evening previous in the assembly-room. Such exercises improve the health and the attitude more than the gray and grave world are willing to admit. Neither a lady nor a juvenile appear to the best advantage unless in action. This is one of the occult reasons why spruce and lively widows, who wear a modestly coquettish morning toilette, captivate the heart of a man of means so much sooner than do the Miss Pensée Rosas, who sit, sigh in voluminous surroundings, study music and the libretto of the next opera. All young ladies should learn to dance, and try to influence their brothers to do likewise.

First toilet.—Checked *taffetas*, poplin, or muslin, in emerald or isly green shade, sleeves short, and trimmed with black ribbon and black silk balls, or tassel trimmings. *Petite casaque* of black silk, square body, and closed at front with silk buttons; open at front à *tablier*, and trimmed across the bottom and up the front of the skirt with tassel trimmings. *Chemisette* and *pantelets* embroidered. *Lace boots*, green and black. *Black lace armlets*.

Second toilet.—Rose colored check silk, ornamented with eight flounces, edged narrowly with black velvet ribbon. High body, forming a *pèlerine*, trimmed with one flounce. Sleeves in three flounces. White undersleeves with a *ruche* border. *Ruche* round the neck, at the top of the body of the dress. Embroidered *pantelets*, black satin *Français* boots, tipped with patent-leather or morocco. Kid gloves.

Third toilet.—Robe and mantle of white cachemire, embroidered in silk and garnished with fringes. Cap of *groseille* velvet and white feather. White gloves.

Fourth toilet.—Dress of Magenta purple silk—*Etole*—apron with front of body and armholes—of black *taffetas*, trimmed with a lilac *plissé*. Head-dress of lilac ribbon. Collar and sleeves embroidered.

Fifth toilet.—Turkish costume of blue cachemire, embroidered in *soutache* with yellow silk. Turkish breeches of blue, with yellow embroidered side-

band. Yellow stockings, blue gaiter shoes, red sash around waist. Blue cap and tassel. This dress is intended for a little boy from four to six years old.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Straw enters largely into the composition of trimmings for dresses, as well as into the confections for bonnets.

The gauze of *Chambéry* is destined to a great vogue this year. The tissue is both light and firm, possessing the advantage of retaining for a long time its primitive freshness.

Plain colors are preferred—the blue and the rose are the mode.

Novel dispositions of silk muslins compose also pretty toilets.

Flounced robes, with the flounces edged with a bias, are extremely delicate and fascinating. Six flounces form the tour of the skirt, continuing up the front in the shape of an apron. The round-cornered tunic, edged with a large *bouillonné*, is regarded as quite *récherché*. When the body is *décolleté*—in case of a ball dress, for example—the *plissé* or plaiting, as the head of the body, is open *en cœur*; but when the body is high, it is completed by a *fichu pèlerine* in stuff similar, with plaiting and flounce at the edge.

The mantelet which accompanies this dress is of silk tissue. The body of the mantelet is trimmed with *barrettes* placed at the top, simulating three plaits at the top edge. This mantelet terminates at the bottom in a flounce twelve inches deep, surmounted by one of nine inches. One or two flounces is quite the fashion for the bottom of a mantelet.

Dresses of *poult de soie* are more light, trimmed with cross-rows of ribbons forming an apron front, the ends of the ribbon rows finished with a straw ornament. Frequently, a fall of lace depends from each cross-row of ribbon. The body is closed at front with plain buttons, and it is in the pointed form. The sleeves are trimmed with bands of ribbon and lace.

Robes of foulard are made with only one deep flounce at the bottom of the skirt.

Casaques of black silk, cut nearly as long as the dress, and with flowing sleeves, are still the favored over-dresses for young ladies; they are lined with white silk, which, at the ends of the sleeves, is formed in a *plissé* a couple of inches deep.

The black silk mantelet, made by plaiting a pineapple pointed back to a yoke which extends so as

to lend the appearance of increased width to the shoulders, is the principal over-garment now seen in our churches or on our promenades. The bottom points of the mantelet—both before and behind—extend nearly to the bottom of the dress. They are trimmed more or less elaborately, carrying the cost of them as high as ninety dollars, or down as low as twenty-five. The ninety dollar silk mantelets at Stewart's are made from taffetas *glace*, very thick, lustrous, and pliable, worth eight dollars a yard. The trimmings consist of deep falls of lace, velvet and fringe trimmings, with tassels, &c.

A new kind of galloon for trimming over-dresses has just been invented, and bids fair to obtain very general favor; for it is not expensive, while it is very lasting, and imitates embroidery. It is to be seen at Stewart's, and at Edward Lambert & Co's.

We have seen some elegant black silk and velvet *casagues*, intended as the highest style of morning call costume, with sleeves very ample, pointed, and the open inseam joined by trellis-work of silk cord. The garment tracing the outline of the figure without fitting closely, and quite long, with the bottom of the skirt at the side-seams left open about eighteen inches, and trimmed like the sleeves. A small cape of lace, or a fall of lace round the neck and at the ends of the sleeves, is much admired, and some employ a cord and tassels for the waist.

The *bermous* and shawl-shaped mantillas of striped and checked tissues and cashmeres and cashmerettes, are still in vogue, including many of those in mixtures and small checks, woven with the robes, in summer stuffs.

As there appears to be no very happy medium in mantelets, for a lady of taste and modest desires to unite upon, it is not uncommon to see the India shawl and the superb Paisley pale ends worn by many of our most select ladies.

The evening robes of tulle and tarlatan are cut

with pointed bodies, *demi-décolleté*, one or two *bouillons* forming the short sleeve, and the skirt covered with *bouillons*, diminishing in size as they ascend, and either all white, or alternating with rose, blue, and orange.

Gold waist-ribbons and waist-buckles, with golden tissues in spots for *brides* of bonnets, and for head-dresses, are quite the fashion on high dress occasions, such as bridal balls and bridal receptions.

Toilets for children are light and lively, and besides those indicated by the picture-plate, the shapes are duplicated in bareges, muslins, quiltings, and nankins; also, batiste is in great vogue as a material for infants' dresses.

Bonnets are about the same as when last reported, save, perhaps, the border is more round and less pointed; but the shape is still high, and far forward in the border, receding at the sides to the ears, and the square crown is preferred for evening wear. There is no established style for trimmings; but if the bonnet is of cactus chip, or of Belgian straw, or Italian rice straw, the curtain is of silk, and the crown either covered with net, or not, according to taste; but the sparse trimmings of ribbon *roleaux*, or tracery over the forehead, with blonde ruches for cheeks, and a tuft of large red velvet flowers on the left side, and a torsade of ribbon leading to the other side, and ending in a knot, with plain strings, is the preferable style. Fall dress bonnets of crapes in lively shades are elaborately trimmed with lace and straw confections, tufts of flowers and *blonde* with golden petals, and golden figures on the *brides*.

The bracelet is a massive and plain gold ring, and the ear-rings are in the square-edged hoop-form, finely chased on the surface and edges. The *ceinture* with knot and long lappet ends is still in favor for evening dress. Both the *pagode* and the *demi-gigot* sleeve is in fashion.

New Publications.

ELEMENTS OF ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY, AND OF THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS. By Charles Davies, LL.D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

In 1836 Professor Davies published a treatise on Analytical Geometry, designed specially for the pupils of the Military Academy, and in its construction gave but little attention to the supposed wants of other institutions. Since then, the study of the higher mathematics has been more generally introduced in Colleges, Academies, and High Schools, and now a new and entirely revised edition of the work is issued to meet a more universal demand.

WOMAN'S HOME BOOK OF HEALTH. By John Stainback Wilson, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Designed to take the place of the many cheap books on the subject, which have done so much evil by their circulation in a concealed manner. It is, as its title indicates, intended specially for women, and gives, in plain language, information in regard to the prevention and cure of diseases without the use of dangerous remedies; also in regard to the laws of health and their observance. The author seems to have written with a sincere desire to impart useful information.

GRASSES AND FORAGE PLANTS. A Practical Treatise, comprising their Natural History, Comparative Nutritive Value, Method of Cultivating, Cutting, and Curing; and the Management of Grass Lands in the United States and British Provinces. By Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, etc. With 170 illustrations. Fifth edition. Revised and enlarged. Boston: *Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.*

This important volume gives a description of all the useful grasses found in our fields and pastures; and embodies the most recent practical and scientific information on their history, culture, and nutritive value. The grass crop of the United States, annually, for hay and pasturage, is estimated at the enormous value of three hundred millions of dollars; information in regard to its culture is therefore of great importance.

The work before us contains descriptions, more or less minutely, of 226 kinds, known as *true grasses*, or the *Gramineæ*, which embrace most of the grains cultivated and used by man, as wheat, rye, Indian corn, rice, etc., besides the artificial grasses, "or plants cultivated and used like grasses, though not belonging to the grass family," including the clovers, lucerne, and the like, and the grass-like rushes, carices, and sedges, commonly called grasses, many of which are illustrated by engravings true to nature. From these the inquiring reader may readily learn the name, properties, mode of culture, and value of any variety. Besides this, there are chapters on "The Climate and Seasons, and their Influences on the Grasses;" "Selection, Mixture, and Sowing of Grass Seeds;" "Time and Mode of Cutting Grass for Hay;" "Curing and Securing Hay," and "General Treatment of Grass Land." Altogether, the book forms a most important addition to our agricultural literature.

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE; OR, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL HYGIENE. By William M. Cornell, M. D., Author of *Consumption Prevented; Observations on Epilepsy; Ship and Shore Physician and Surgeon; the Sabbath Made for Man, &c., &c.* Philadelphia: *James Challen & Son.*

"This work explains the reciprocal action of the body and mind, and shows how much human happiness depends upon their nice adjustment and the knowledge of their agency. The author is well known as a lecturer on Physiology and Hygiene, and the treatment of Nervous Diseases, and having devoted years of study to this department, is enabled to present a popular treatise of great value and interest to every student, professional man, and, in fact, to every family. It embodies the principles and facts contained in his able work, "Clerical Health," which was universally commended by the press."

LEWIS ARUNDEL; OR, THE RAIL ROAD OF LIFE. By Frank E. Smedley, Author of *Frank Farleigh.* Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*

A fast story, as its title indicates.

VOL XVI.—10

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING; comprising the Breeds, Breeding, and Management in Health and Disease, of Dairy and other Stock; the Selection of Milch Cows, with a full explanation of Guenon's Method; the Culture of Forage Plants, and the Production of Milk, Butter, and Cheese; Embodying the Most Recent Improvements, and Adapted to Farming in the United States and British Provinces. With a Treatise on the Dairy Husbandry of Holland; to which is added Horsfall's System of Dairy Management. By Charles Flint. Liberally Illustrated. Boston: *Crosby & Nichols.*

The comprehensive title of this book, given above, leaves little for us to say as to its scope, or in regard to the information it contains. Farmers and Dairymen will understand its value better than our unskilled words can set it forth. The excellent character of the letter press and engravings is highly creditable to the publishers. It is really a pleasure for the eyes to move over its clearly printed pages.

MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS. Translated from the French. New York: *Charles Scribner.*

This volume contains a translation of the Memoir by the Marquess de H., and of various souvenirs and letters collected by Prof. Schaubert. It is one of the choicest examples of a noble womanhood. The translator remarks in his preface: "The character of the Duchess of Orleans is one of such remarkable loveliness, and shines with such radiant lustre in the midst of the French Court, and in the subsequent trials to which she was subjected after the downfall of Louis Philippe, that it is worthy of the most careful study."

RUTLEDGE. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

With this unsuggestive title, we have a story of unusual ability. The author is said to be a young lady yet in her teens; if so, she has begun surpassingly well. Rutledge is, by far, the freshest and most spirited society novel of the year. The characters are drawn with nice discrimination, and considerable skill in portraiture, and the incidents are so managed as to keep the reader's mind steadily reaching forward. We have not been so much interested in a story for a long time.

EXTEMPORANEOUS DISCOURSES. Delivered in Broadway Church, New York. Reported as Delivered by the Author. By E. H. Chapin, D. D. First Series. New York: *O. Hutchinson.*

A volume of sermons from this eloquent preacher and lecturer cannot fail to have a wide circulation. The merit of Mr. Chapin's discourses does not lie all in his effective delivery; they hold the reader by their fine construction, power of language, and strong words said in the cause of humanity and vital religion.

A MOTHER'S TRIALS. By the Author of "My Lady." New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

An attractive English story, that we see is gaining good opinions.

CHURCH CHORAL BOOK: Containing Tunes and Hymns for Congregational Singing, and Adapted to Choirs and Worship. By B. F. Baker and J. W. Tufts. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

In this volume, for use in congregational singing, there is a fine collection of familiar hymns, with the music of the air, and also an organ accompaniment. It strikes us as a timely and desirable publication.

DANSBURY HOUSE. By Mrs. Henry Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is the story for which the Directors of the "Scottish Temperance League" gave a prize of one hundred pounds sterling. It is intended to illustrate "the injurious effects of Intoxicating Drinks, the advantages of Personal Abstinence, and the demoralizing operations of the Liquor Traffic." It is a story of great power.

HISTORY OF GENGHIS KHAN. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Abbott never seems tired of writing in this direction: and we are very sure that the public whom he addresses never gets tired of hearing from him. The history of Genghis Khan is a welcome addition to his series of Histories for School and Family Libraries.

A SMALLER HISTORY OF GREECE, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE ROMAN CONQUEST. By William Smith, LL.D. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This History is intended for the use of Public Schools throughout the country, being a more elementary book than the larger History of Greece by the same author, which will appropriately succeed it in more advanced classes. It is to be followed by similar condensed histories of Rome and England.

POEMS. By W. H. Holcombe, M. D. New York: Mason & Brothers.

A volume of poems breathing the pure spirit of humanity. The author has not written in mere playful gratification of a busy and creative fancy, but, evidently, with the poet's noblest end, to make truth, as he saw it, beautiful and attractive. He understands the meaning of that fine sentiment, "Song is but the eloquence of truth," and has not wasted his fine powers in a mere ambitious display designed as a monument to his genius. Of such monuments we have too many, and they are about as cold and useless in the world of literature as ornate sculptures in a grave-yard. We want poets who do not think of fame, but of humanity. Dr. Holcombe is one of these, and we commend his elegant volume as full of voices for the common heart, speaking to it not only in the busy day, but in the calm evening and morning hours, when the mind's deeper consciousness awakens. It is a book of true poetry.

THE LITTLE BEAUTY. By Mrs. Gray, Author of "The Gambler's Wife," "Young Prima Donna," "Sybil Lennard," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Mrs. Gray always writes with sufficient skill and truth to nature to hold the reader's interest. "The Little Beauty," is a good novel.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Text Book of Intellectual Philosophy, for Schools and Colleges: Containing an Outline of the Science, with an Abstract of its History. By J. T. Champlain, D. D., President of Waterville College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Cicero on Oratory and Orators. Translated or Edited by J. S. Watson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Sermons by Rev. W. Morley Punshon. To which is prefixed a plea for Class-Meetings, and an Introduction by Rev. William H. Milburn. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The Home-Book of Health and Medicine; or, the Laws and Means of Physical Culture. Adapted to Practical Use, embracing Laws of Digestion, Breathing, Ventilation, Use of the Lungs, Circulation and Renovation, Laws and Diseases of the Skin, Bathing, How to Prevent Consumption, Clothing and Temperance, Food and Cooking, Poisons, Exercise and Rest, &c., &c. By W. A. Alcott, M. D. With Thirty-one Illustrations. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

Elements of English Composition, Grammatical, Rhetorical, Logical, and Practical. Prepared for Academies and Schools. By James R. Boyd, A.M., Author of Annotated Editions of English Poets, of "Elements of Logic," of an improved edition of "Kame's Elements," etc. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

Walter Ashwood: A Love Story. By Paul Siogvolk. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

A Discourse on the Life, Character, and Genius of Washington Irving. Delivered before the New York Historical Society in New York, on the 8th of April, 1860, by W. Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam.

The Semi-Detached House. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Class Book of Botany. Being Outlines of the Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants, with Flora of all parts of the United States and Canada. By Alphonso Wood, A. M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

The West Indies and the Spanish Main. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Doctor Thorne," "The Bertrams," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Editors' Department.

OUR OLD APPLE TREE.

There it stood, close to the kitchen door, that old apple tree, gnarled and bent, distorted and twisted, no grace, nor symmetry, nor beauty about it—nothing but ruggedness, and barrenness, and unrelieved homeliness.

We slipped our fingers along the scarred, knotted trunk, which age and storms had blighted, we saw where the axe had hewn away the strength of its great boughs—and we said to ourselves there could be neither life, nor growth, nor bloom in that old, miserable, broken-backed apple tree.

So, we talked of cutting it down—we said the huge, misshapely thing, standing right before the door, cut off the view of the meadows and the hills that lay beyond, and locked themselves in lovingly with the sky. We talked of cutting it down, but we thought with a little shiver of that first stroke of the "woodman's axe" on the old trunk, for after all, it was an *apple tree*, and oh! of how much that was fragrant, and beautiful, and home-like was this the suggestion!

The very name brought with it old memories of the days when we played under another apple tree, which had fallen into old age now; we saw the great white tent as it spread its folds open every May, as sails spread themselves to the sea breezes; we saw its underlining of green, and the nests swinging in the boughs, and heard the sweet rain of the robins' songs in the early spring mornings—we saw the white blossoms frosting the grass every time the wind went with its loving fingers amongst the boughs—and long afterward—for the summers were long, then, as the years are now—we saw the great red fruit blushing amid the green leaves, like goblets of wine, and in the still autumn mornings there was the soft, pleasant sound of the ripe apples dropping on the grass.

And *this* apple tree too, perhaps, had its legends and stories, and associations which the dumb boughs could not utter. Perhaps that bowed head had worn the blossoms of centuries of years, and in the joy of its youth, and the strength and glory of its prime, what little children had played through the long summer days under its shadows? what golden heads had it sheltered that now were gray ones? how many birds had swung their nests and poured their sweet songs in its boughs? what springs had gone in their grace, what summers in their glory, what autumns in their pomp, and what winters in white mufflers, over its head? and how the gifts which it shook down from its green

arms every October rejoiced the hearts that gathered them!

We thought of all this, and then we looked at the old tree, standing there and scarring the landscape with its black, huge, ungainly figure, and yet—there was but one voice in the household—we hadn't the heart to cut it down, for, after all, it was an *apple tree*.

And at last the long, cold spring rains began to clear away, and the sky put on a softer look, and there were pleasant, half-mysterious prophesies in the sunbeams, and the winds that played amongst them; and the far-off hills began to turn from brown to beryl, and the long meadows to put on an emerald facing, and suddenly the boughs of the old apple tree began to put out a faint green fluting.

We could hardly believe our eyes when we beheld it; we looked at that blasted trunk, and it didn't seem possible it could hold living veins and arteries that could bear up sap into those black boughs, so that they too should burst out in strength and beauty, and bear their part in the poem of a new spring.

But so it was—the old apple tree kept on bravely, the spring rains baptized it, the spring sunshine blessed it with its thousand loving hands, and the light green fluting grew into dark frilling, and then there began to be faint flushings of pink among the green, which grew more emphatic every day, and one by one the white blossoms crept out, until at last the old apple tree stood there crowned with beauty as never bride was crowned with jewels, a sight to gladden the eyes and rejoice the heart—its homeliness and old age all gone, it stood there, renewed and redeemed with the glory of its first youth.

How its white locks waved in the soft May winds, sanctifying the air with their perfumes! how its snowy banners spread their stately folds in the sunshine, while we stood every day at the door and window, and feasted our eyes upon its beauty as we never feasted them before, for never apple tree was crowned with such affluence of blossoms, until one by one the grass was frosted all over, as though the frosts of November had crept back into the heart of May.

And now the small green fruit has begun to appear among the thick leaves—the blossoms are fulfilling their prophecy—there hangs among the boughs the promise of an abundant harvest.

And how like is that old apple tree to many a

human life—withered and barren, and which men count worthless and broken.

But if the rains could fall softly about their roots, and the sunbeams call to them, how would these lives that men condemned put on new strength and beauty—for they are not dead yet! how would the green leaves begin to appear, and fair blossoms wave rejoicingly before the eyes of men.

Oh, it is better to be patient and hopeful, for every human soul carries, like that old apple tree, in its blackened trunk, *the possibility of a new life!* a life which shall, in its old age, be fragrant with blossoms and ripe with fruit, which the angels shall count worthy to gather into the garner of Heaven!

V. F. T.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

From the volume of poems by Dr. Holcombe, recently published by Mason & Brother, we take this fine specimen. It will be seen that he has a skilled hand, and touches the chords like a master:

THE MYSTIC UNION.

A light of glory to our feet benighted!

A voice of resurrection to the dead—

"E'en as the father to the son united,
So shall ye be to Christ, your living head."

What doth it mean? In these poor hearts of ours

Can the Omniscient a sojourner be,
As sunbeams nestle in the souls of flowers,
Or angels come to sleeping infancy?

Ah, yes! Rejoice, ye contrite, broken-hearted

His holy presence dissipates your sin;
Remember how the raging storm departed
From the lone ship when Jesus slept therein.

Oh, let his love, a sacred fire outgoing,

Consume each molten image from our sight;
And be our spirits, to his truth inflowing,
Transparent as the diamond is to light.

It is the soul which makes its own external;

All things are outbirths from her inmost sphere;
Sunshines of peace on landscapes ever vernal,
And wastes of winter come alike from her.

The love of God, the fealty which we owe Him,

Grafted upon our hearts, and fruitful there,
Will make the outward life a noble poem,
By making, first, the inner life a prayer.

Is not the holy, beautiful ideal,

The Fa'her of our hope, and joy and love?
Which comes incarnate in the grosser real,
Remolding it by patterns from above?

Joy springs from sorrow, virtue from temptation,

And daily death is but a happier birth;

Then comes our Sabbath of regeneration,
Uniting heaven forevermore with earth.

DAILY LIFE.

"But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart."

We suppose that no one who has not an *educated* conscience, and a high ideal of life, can rightly interpret the true meaning and awful force of those words of Thomas Hood's.

For it isn't in great actual deeds, in sudden heroic impulses, or occasional lofty purposes, that life consists—it is in the general temper of the heart, the loving, trustful soul that looks out with watchful eyes upon every hour and circumstance, seeking to do good, to bless, and be blessed, as one has opportunity.

And yet, what a frightful mistake most people make in this matter—good sort of people, we mean, or those that are considered so—people who simply live to enjoy themselves from day to day, good-natured, agreeable, good-hearted, ready at any time to do you a courteous, or obliging act—and yet what real richness or perfume, what real depth or graciousness, is there in their lives.

And what will become of these good sort of folks when their lives are opened before them by the angel of the Lord, and their eyes are opened, too, to see, and their hearts to understand, what a true ideal of life is; what are its solemn relations and duties, and sanctities; what will they think of themselves when they see what a poor, miserable, unfruitful work their *living* has been? How will they answer the voices which must call to them on every side—"What has your life been worth?" "With how many good, just, true, self-sacrificing deeds have you filled it? How much better is the world because you have lived in it?" Yet these very same people would be terribly shocked at being called selfish, indolent, ineffective.

Now, it is very certain that God calls very few of us to do great deeds in life; very few days furnish us with opportunities for high and heroic accomplishment, but it is equally certain that as a "man thinketh in his heart so is he," and to have a broad, generous, loving spirit, a soul set to sweet tunes for the love of humanity, and that goes about seeking to do little daily acts of practical good to others—a soul that carries with it always the sweet spices of charity, and pity, and tenderness, will be the one which shall wear the brighest crown in the great "exhibition day" of eternity.

V. F. T.

"THE FUTURE ARTIST."

There is something more than a simple love of pictures in the calm, meditative face of that boy. He is not thinking so much of the theme of the picture, as of the wonderful skill by which it was produced. A desire to create with the pencil is stirring in his mind. He is the future artist, and the world will hear of him in the lapse of years.

THE BASKET OF FLOWERS.

Addressed to the Lady who sent them.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Their fragrance haunteth all the rooms, and throbs

Sweetly among my thoughts, as some old tune
Windeth around the bye-lanes of the heart
And floats along its dreams.

They came to me,
Those wondrous blossoms from the heart of June,
With the morn's dews upon them; there were buds

Opening their snowy bosoms to the sun,
And sweet moss roses, with their crimson throats
Breathing out spicy odors; and there lay,
Scattered amidst them, gentians, with the look
Of the blue eyes of children in their dreams,
And flutings of the purple mignonette
Winding round honeysuckles.

Lady, thou,
Whose fair hands gathered these, and grouped them here,

With such rare grace to feast the stranger's heart
Thine eyes had never gazed on, for thy gift
Of these June flowers I thank thee.

It may be
Thou ne'er wilt know what welcome sweet they gave

The stranger to her home—what voices crept
Up from their hearts of crimson and of gold,
In fragrant blessings on her.

May God grant
Thy life, sweet lady, like thy gift this morn,
Be scattered thick with blossoms that shall yield
Their sanctifying odors down thy years;
And glad hearts bless thee for thy loving deeds
As mine now blesses thee! and may'st thou wear
Flowers in immortal settings, fairer far
Than those thou'st gathered in the Junes on earth.

"LUCILE."

This is the title of a new poem running through a whole volume, by "Owen Meredith," which has just appeared, and been republished by Ticknor & Fields. It is a story in rhyme, of considerable power and versatility, and indicates advancement in the author, who is, as it is known, a son of the novelist Bulwer. He takes a *nom de plume* that might better, now, be laid aside. The preface is addressed to his father in a commendable spirit. We should infer that the young poet had already seen something of life, and the dark side of character. His hero is an English Don Juan, and his career has its lessons—though not instructive in the higher moralities. The son inherits his father's talents, and if he has his father's persevering industry, the literary world will give him a pretty high place, in time.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

A subscriber sends us the following sayings of a little one:

"Driving up to my gate, our little Maggie, a very sprightly talker, just two years old, wished to take a buggy ride. I drove her to the stable, where the man was busily engaged in rubbing and brushing a horse with a large brush. She watched, apparently with great interest. When she returned to the house her Ma asked her what she saw at the stable, and as she had never seen a brush used for anything else than blacking boots, very naturally replied—'Mamma, I saw a man blacking a horse.' Yesterday, whilst riding in the buggy, and a pleasant breeze was stirring, she said—'The wind is going to make some nice air.'

"She has the utmost confidence in her papa's ability. Seeing a chicken entirely destitute of feathers, said, 'Papa, wont you make some feathers for the poor little naked chicken?'"

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

We must suggest to come of our exchanges, the editors of which do not seem well posted in regard to the usages of the press, that in copying articles from the "Home Magazine" due credit should be given. It is hardly fair to appropriate the good things we have provided without so much as saying, "By your leave, sir!" We could give the names of certain papers in which articles from our magazine have appeared without credit; but, as from their character it seems probable they were not the original sinners, but found the articles in other publications, minus the credit that was due, we forbear, lest wrong be done to a brother editor who would not do an unfair thing for the world.

A FAMILY SCHOOL.

We would call special attention to the advertisement of a Family School for Girls in this city. We know Mr. Beaman and his family, and can speak advisedly in regard to the advantages his school possesses. Girls placed in his care will come under healthy moral influences, and have their minds carefully trained.

"A JAR—NOT OF HONEY."

Our engraving with this title will suggest to different readers different contents of the matrimonial jar, the cover of which not being removed, we cannot speak with certainty of what is below. We are very sure, however, that it is not of honey, nor any of life's sweet confectations. "A Pickle Pot" would have been the more appropriate designation, if the faces of those who have just tried its quality may be taken as an index.

HEROISM.

BY ELLEN C. L. KIMBELL.

We sing of the hearts whose tides of life
Flow out on the battle-field,
Whose pulses throb to the passion-strife,
And "die, but will never yield;"
We write of the strong, undaunted soul,
That climbs to the heights of fame,
And leaves through th' coming years to roll
"The poor triumph of a name;"

We bind on the brows of those who win,
Bright wreaths of laurel and bay;
At the temple-gates they enter in,
And their mandates we obey;
But hearts as loyal to truth and right,
And as strong to "do and dare,"
Beat in the silence, and out of sight,
Make of their lives a prayer.

The souls that perfect through suffering grow,
In pain that is worse than death,
Bear more than the hearts whose life-tides flow,
The banners of strife beneath;
Love that has gathered its brightest sheaves,
And woven its brightest dreams—
Then wakens to find how life deceives,
The heart that in trusting gleams;

Yet bears with a courage strong and high,
The burdens that wear to death,
Finds where the pavements of crystal lie
The glad triumph of its faith;
For God, all-seeing, binds up at last,
The wounds that we meekly bear,
And all on the altars of suffering cast,
The purified garments wear.
Charlotte Centre, N. Y.

CAPITAL.

Here are some capital remarks from somebody, in answer to the wish we hear so often from the lips of young men who have large ambition, but little taste for patient industry—"I wish I had Capital!" Why, capital does not bring ultimate success once in a score of times; the capital, we mean, that is not made by the individual who uses it:

"Now, suppose you had capital—what would you do with it? Let me tell you, you have capital. Haven't you got hands and feet, and body and muscle, and bone and brains, and don't you call them capital! Oh! but they are not money, say you. But they are more than money. If you will use them they will make money, and nobody can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it is time you were learning. Take hold of the first plow, or hoe, or jack-plane, or broad-axe that you can find, and go to work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Aye, but there's the rub; you don't want to work, you want money or credit that you may play the gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the

vagabond, or you want a plantation and negroes, that you may hire an overseer to attend to them while you run about over the country and dissipate and get in debt; or you want to marry some very rich girl, who may be foolish enough to take you for your fine clothes and good looks, that she may support you.

"Shame upon you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have; you'll soon be interested upon it, and with it to give you so much money as you want, and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money upon what capital you have, you couldn't make it if you had a million of dollars in money. If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle, and waste and rust out, it would be the very same thing with you if you had gold: you would only know how to waste."

SPEAK TENDERLY.

"When, some three weeks since, some forty of the children in charge of the Children's Aid Society of New York, were arranging for removal to the west, a boy was folding, with great care, his old cap, having previously taken out its lining—a small piece of faded calico. 'John,' called a friend, 'what are you going to do with that greased calico?' 'Please sir, it is not greased; it is all that I have to remember my dead mother by; it's part of her dress, which I cut off when she lay dying in the garret in — street.' The question and the answer were too much for the little fellow, and putting the strip under his shirt, next to his breast, he buried his face in his hands, and filled the room with his sobs.

"Man, woman, whoever you be, speak tenderly to that boy across the way. He may be an orphan. His mother and his father may both be in the graveyard yonder. Dear child! he has none but his own little hands by which to work his way in the world. Speak kindly to him. Perhaps some day an orphan may walk the earth whose name and yours shall spell alike."

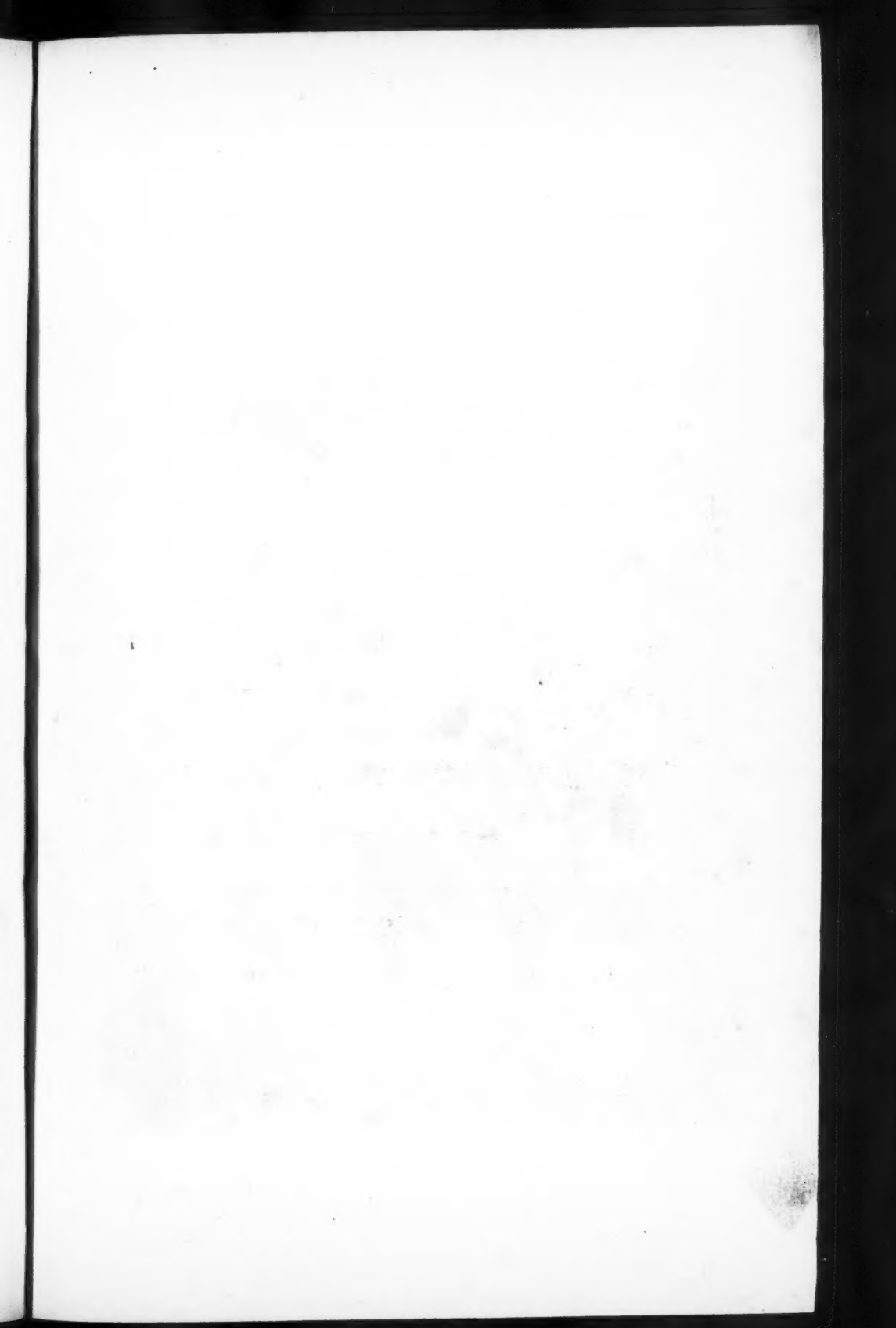
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. C. M.

Through the kindness of a friend we are enabled to inform you that "JANUARY AND JUNE" was originally published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, and you can probably obtain the volume by applying to *Louis Gaylord Clark, Editor Knickerbocker Magazine, New York.* V. P. T.

The following articles are respectfully declined: "Robin Red Breast," "To Clarence," "Far from my Native Land," "The Roses' Festival."

A correspondent informs us that the article, "Our Singing School," which appeared in a late number of the Home Magazine, "is a most shameful plagiarism, copied almost verbatim et literatim from a book published by L. P. Crown & Co., of Boston, entitled *Our Parish.*"



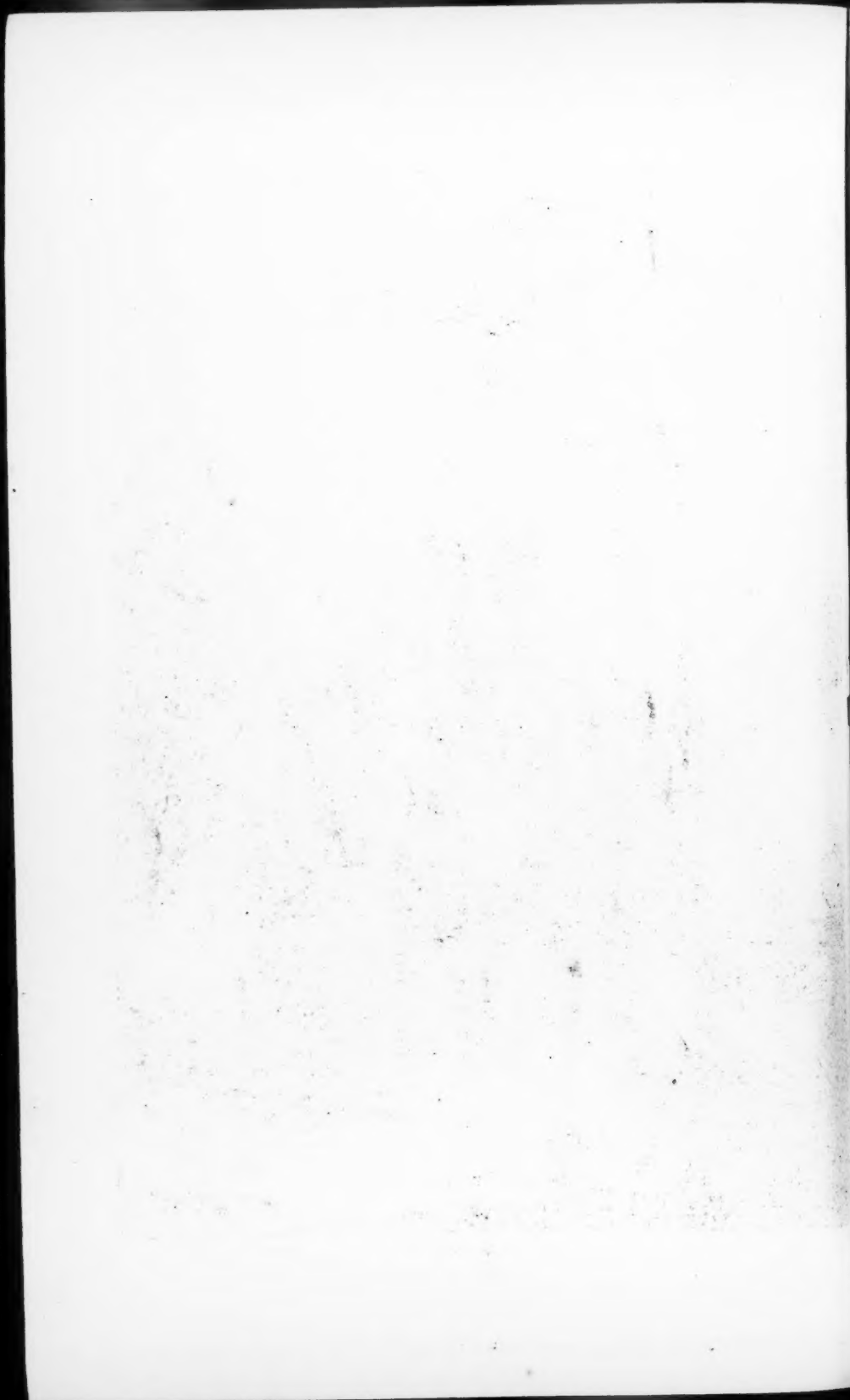


GOING TO SCHOOL.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR HOME MAGAZINE.

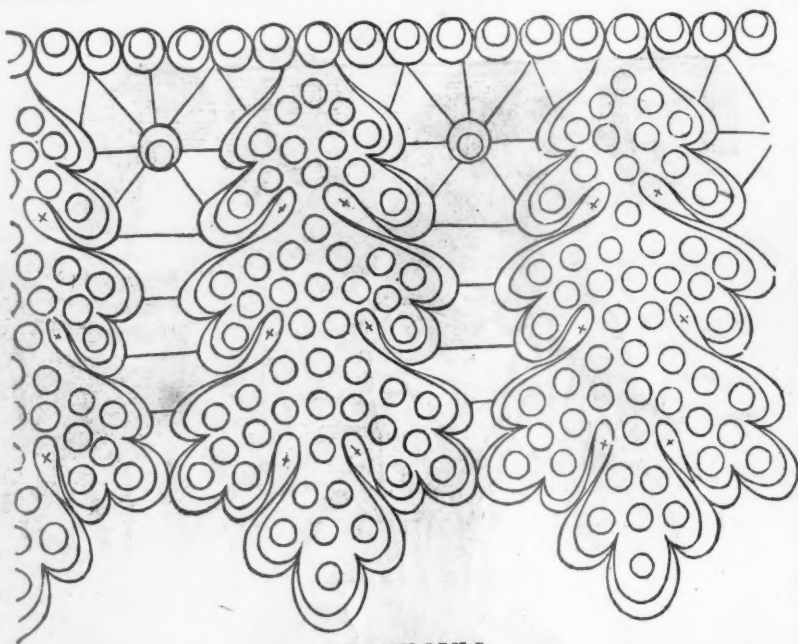


HOME MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1860.





THE GLEANERS.



FLOUNCING.



CAPS.



PATTERN FOR EDGING.



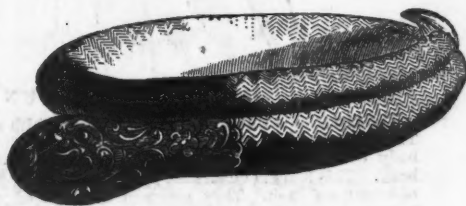
HEAD DRESSES.



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.



UNDER SLEEVE.



HAIR BRACELET.



CANZON, OF WHITE MUSLIN.

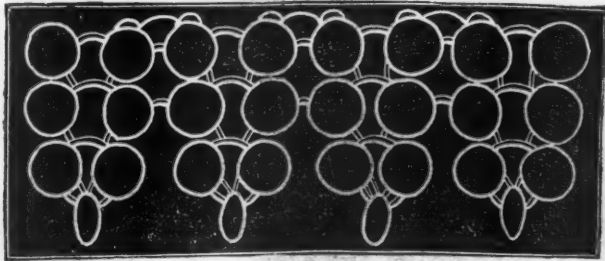


DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

The material is thin Swiss muslin, formed with a double skirt, each having a broad hem. The body is high, with an insertion band trimmed with lace. Over this is worn an upper body of white taffeta, with a small shoulder piece, and cut square across in front and back. This body is quadrilled by narrow black velvets, which cross each other at intervals of about an inch. They commence at the edge, under a small bow, and extend the full length of the waist, terminating at the bottom in loops and ends, which fall over the skirt in the form of lappets. The short puffed sleeves are gathered into a narrow band, and ornamented with bows and ends of black velvet.



CORNUCOPIA STOVE ORNAMENT.



EDGING IN FRIVOLITE OR TATTING.



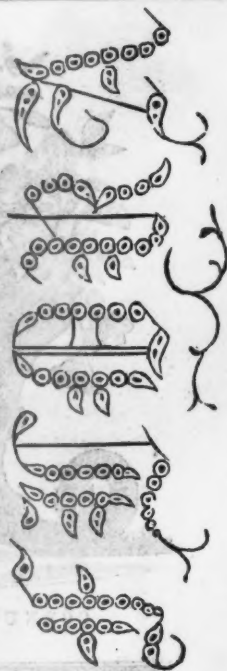
NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.

Anna & R & T

NAMES AND LETTERS FOR MARKING.



SLIPPER PATTERN.



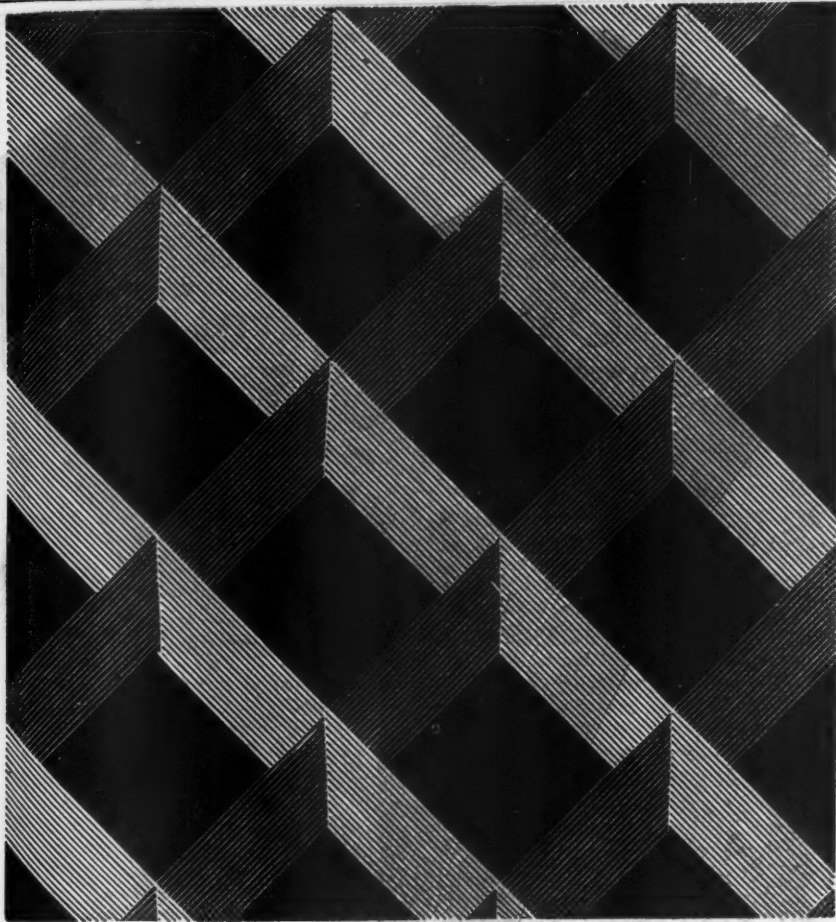
NAME FOR MARKING.



BOOK MARKER.



HAIR BRACELET.

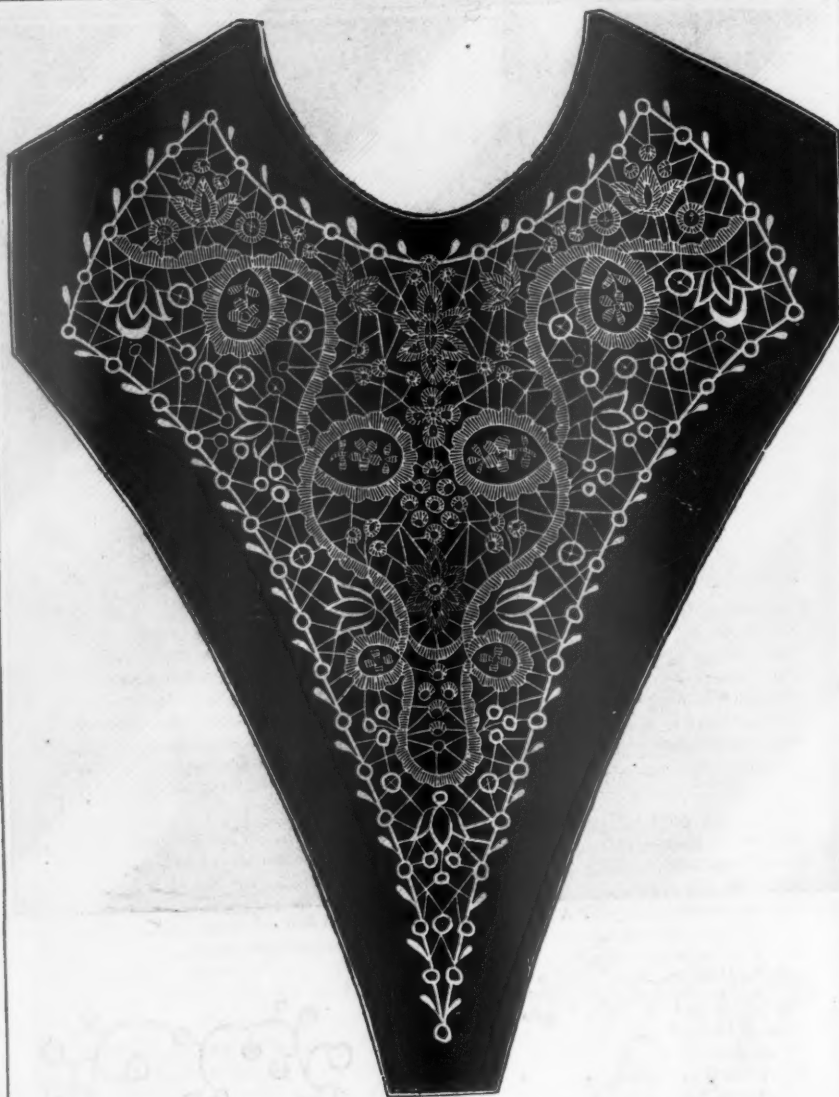


PATCHWORK PATTERN.



CORNERS FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.





CHEMISETTE.



INSERTING.